RAILROAD

MAGAZINE | OCTOBER 50c

1956

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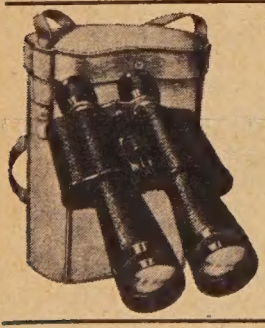

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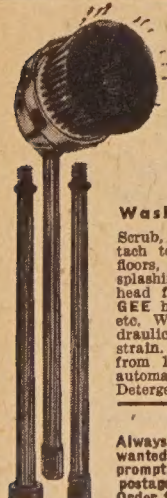

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RAILROAD MAGAZINE

The Magazine of Adventurous Railroading—Founded 1906

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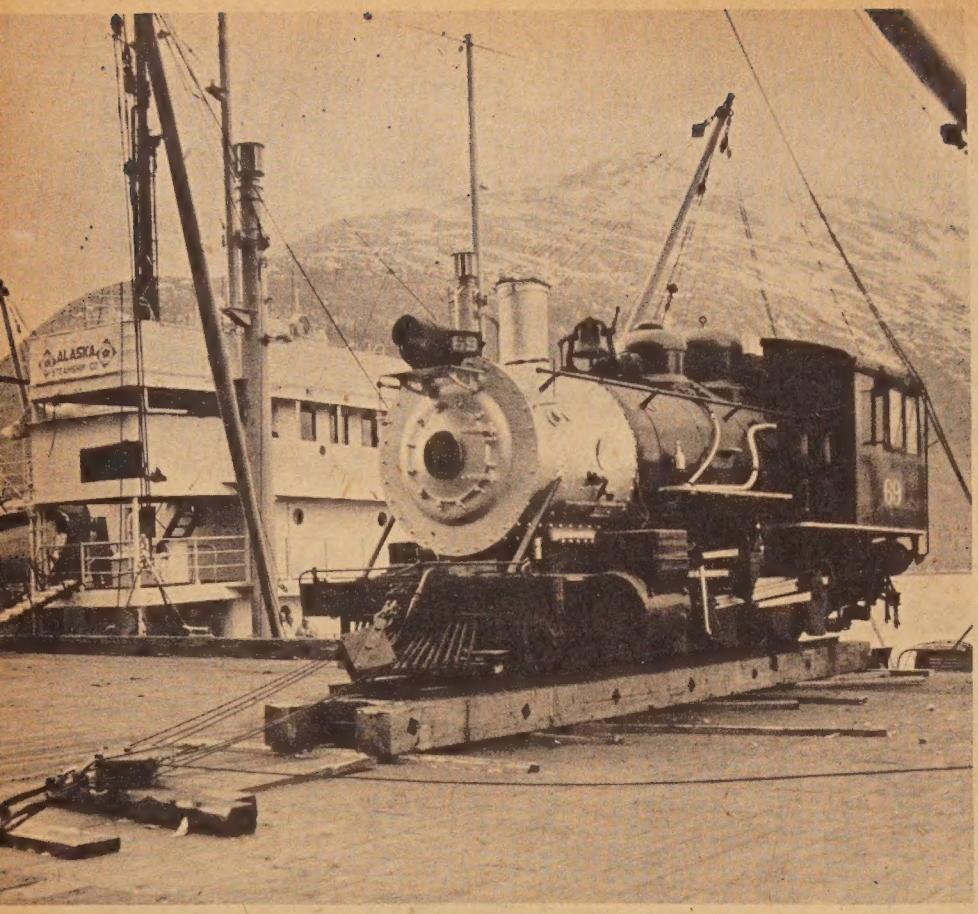


Old narrow-gage engine is running again! White Pass & Yukon No. 69 now bears the name *Klondike Casey*. She was shipped from Skagway, Alaska, restored in the Great Northern's Hillyard shops, and put into passenger service on the newly-built Black Hills Central, a five-mile railroad connecting Hill City with Oblivion, South Dakota, near the national shrine where portraits of four U.S. Presidents are carved into the side of Mount Rushmore.

50 YEARS AGO, the year of the San Francisco quake and fire, this magazine, with a flaming red cover but no pictures inside, first dotted the news-stands of English-speaking North America like switch-lights at night in a great railroad yard. It was dedicated then—and still is—to the history and lore and excitement of railroading, the latest trends in the industry, and the personalities who make the wheels go around, as well as all others who find the railroads interesting.

We have chosen "Canyon War" as the lead feature for our anniversary number because its dramatic events occurred at approximately the time the magazine made its debut. And because *Railroad* was founded by a brass-pounder, Frank A. Munsey, we are including some material about brass-pounders in this issue.

To our readers, contributors, and advertisers we are grateful for their years of loyal support. In a very special way we thank the critics who speak out bluntly from time to time to keep us alert and prod us into making needed changes. If you are familiar with ancient Greek history you know that Socrates likened himself to a gadfly because his pungent remarks stung people into thinking for themselves and kept them from becoming too complacent. We hope that in our second half-century we will hear from more and more critics, regardless of whether or not they wish to be called gadflies.

We are proud of the letters received from a large number of cash customers hailing the approach of our anniversary, but space limits us to printing only two such letters in the present issue.

"When it was started in October, 1906," writes Robert S. Henry, author of many railbooks and vice president of the Association of American Railroads, "your publication was called *Railroad Man's Magazine*—and it still is a magazine for railroad men, not only the more than a million of them who make their living by working on or for the railroads but also for the other hundreds of thousands who are technically ex-railroad men but who never got railroading out of their blood, and for the still other hundreds of thousands who never collected railroad pay but have always had a fondness for things of the rails. Congratulations on your Golden Anniversary and best wishes for the next half-century!"

Another long-time friend, Lucius Beebe, outstanding railroad author and the publisher of a famous old weekly paper, *The Territorial Enterprise*, Virginia City, Nevada, has this to say:

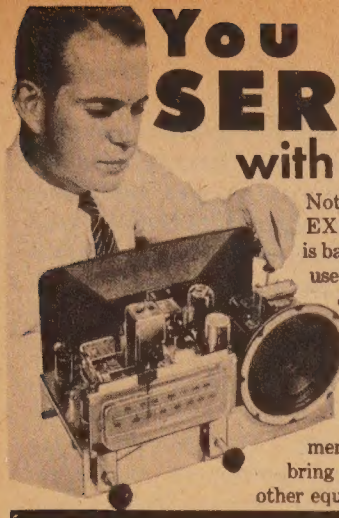
"*Railroad* is to be congratulated on its longevity in an age when change is everywhere and the mortality rate high among publications. It is my personal belief that, in common with other periodicals in the field, *Railroad* will have to become increasingly devoted to the historic aspects of the carriers and their operations if it is to survive in the foreseeable future.

"Contemporary railroading has so little fascination and, since the virtual closing of the age of steam, so little pictorial possibility that you will shortly have to seek in the past your entire editorial reason for being. If there is a sufficient backlog of oldtime railroading picture material, *Railroad* can survive as long as the supply lasts.

"Most of the vitality and life went out of the carriers with steam and it is conceivable that they themselves have committed economic suicide through their complete failure to understand that the hold they had on the general imagination can never be regained by any other form of motive power.

"Lamentably, for the record, the American public is forgetting that railroading exists, since it no longer has any esthetic appeal, and if, in the fullness of time, railroads disappear altogether, save as the eventual haulers of heavy freight alone, the fault will be their own. They planned it that way when they bought the first diesel."

Strong words, Mr. Beebe! ●



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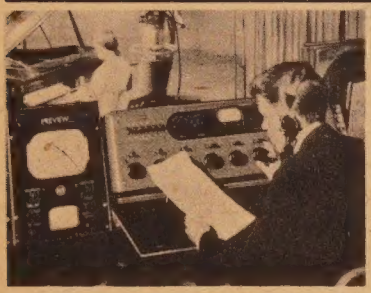

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America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You Good Pay, Success

Training PLUS opportunity is the PERFECT COMBINATION for job security, advancement. When times are good, the trained man makes the BETTER PAY, gets PROMOTED. When jobs are scarce, the trained man enjoys GREATER SECURITY. NRI training can help assure you and your family more of the better things of life. Radio is bigger than ever with over 3,000 broadcasting stations and more than 115 MILLION sets in use, and Television is moving ahead fast.

N.R.I. Training Leads to Good Jobs Like These

I TRAINED THESE MEN

"I have progressed very rapidly. My present position is Studio Supervisor with KEDD Television, Wichita."—Elmer Frewaldt, 3026 Stadium, Wichita, Kans.

"Fix sets part time in my shop. Made about $500 first three months of the year. Could have more but this is about all I can handle."—Frank Borer, Lorain, Ohio.

"I've come a long way in Radio and Television since graduating. Have my own business on Main Street."—Joe Travers, Asbury Park, New Jersey.

"I didn't know a thing about Radio. Now have a good job as Studio Engineer at KMMJ."—Bill Delzell, Central City, Nebraska.

BROADCASTING: Chief Technician, Chief Operator, Power Monitor, Recording Operator, Remote Control Operator. SERVICING: Home and Auto Radios, Television Receivers, FM Radios, P.A. Systems. IN RADIO PLANTS: Design Assistant, Technician, Tester, Serviceman, Service Manager. SHIP AND HARBOR RADIO: Chief Operator, Radio-Telephone Operator. GOVERNMENT RADIO: Operator in Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Forestry Service Dispatcher, Airways Radio Operator. AVIATION RADIO: Transmitter Technician, Receiver Technician, Airport Transmitter Operator. TELEVISION: Pick-up Operator, Television Technician, Remote Control Operator.

Start Soon to Make $10, $15 a Week Extra Fixing Sets

My training is practical, complete; is backed by 40 years of success training men at home. My well-illustrated lessons give you basic principles you need and my skillfully developed kits of parts "bring to life" things you learn from the lessons. I start sending you special booklets the day you enroll, that show you how to fix sets. Multitester you build with my parts helps you discover and correct set troubles, helps you make money fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Many make $10, $15 a week extra this way.

Mail Coupon — Find Out What Radio-Television Offer You

Act now to get more of the good things of life. I send actual lesson to prove NRI home training is practical, thorough. My 64-page book "How to be a Success in Radio-Television" shows what my graduates are doing and earning. It gives important facts about your opportunities in Radio-Television. Take NRI training for as little as $5 a month. Many graduates make more than the total cost of my training in two weeks. Mail coupon now to: J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. **6JR4**. National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. Our 40th year.

AVAILABLE to all qualified VETERANS UNDER G.I. BILLS

Good for Both—FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 6JR4
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.
Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, FREE.
(No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name ..... Age .....

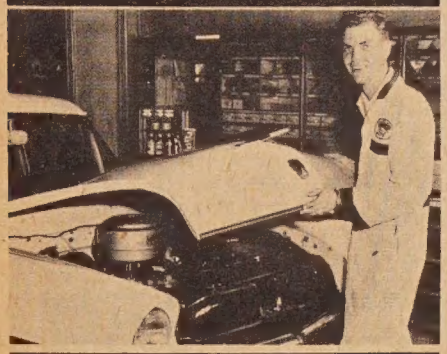
Address .....

City ..... Zone ... State .....

VETS write in date of discharge .....

Mail Today-Tested Way to Better Pay

"Soup Up" Your Paycheck!



Get a Better Job in the No. 1 Field

AUTO MECHANICS

CTI Trains You at Home in Months

Do you want a better job, good pay and lifetime security? Then listen to this: The auto industry desperately needs trained mechanics. Many earn up to $125 a week—and more. Others open their own shops. There's plenty of work, because over 60 million vehicles are on the road, and over 7 million more are produced annually.

You can learn Auto Mechanics quickly at home. CTI will train you in months—teach you every phase of auto repair and maintenance. *You can have extra training in Diesel Mechanics or Body-Fender Rebuilding at no extra cost,* if you choose! For complete information, please mail coupon below. You'll get TWO FREE BOOKS that give you the facts.

ONLY CTI SENDS THIS TUNE-UP KIT

You quickly locate engine troubles with these essential instruments. Included are a Compression Tester, a Vacuum Gauge and Fuel Pump Tester, an Ignition Timing Light, and a steel case. *You can practice as you learn!*

VALUABLE TOOLS, TOO!

You also get this fine-quality set of mechanic's tools. These help you get experience while training, do spare time repairing for profit. Both Tune-Up Kit and Tool Set are yours to use—and keep. No extra cost!

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKS

The auto industry offers you every opportunity for success. Find out about the good jobs—and how you can train for them. Just mail coupon today. CTI will send two new books. Both free.

Commercial Trades Institute

1400 Greenleaf Avenue, Chicago 26, Illinois — Dept. A-317

Mail me 28-page book, "Big Money in Auto Mechanics." Also Send Sample Lesson. Both FREE.

Name_____ Age____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

Member National Home Study Council

POINTING OUT that "the oldtime railroader is fast disappearing," Bill Knapke favors a broad editorial policy to interest *all* types of rail-minded readers, both young and old. Bill is a retired Southern Pacific conductor living at 9 North Lane, Orinda, Calif. "The glamor and romance of railroading faded with the advent of 100-car trains," he adds, "but stories of bygone operation have a timeless appeal."

Says Burton Mall, 720 Homestead Rd., LaGrange Park, Ill: "I prefer present-day railroading, but I do have a special fondness for steam power."

"Give us more steam pictures and stories," urges Burdell Bulgrin, Box 206, Owen, Wis., "articles like 'Cab-in-Fronters' (March '55) and 'The Mighty Mallet' (Aug. '55)."

A good tip. But what about locomotive rosters? How many fellows agree with W. R. McBrayer, Box 1412, "Now that steam power is vanishing," he says, "you should publish diesel-electric rosters."

Shall we? Or past-history steam rosters? Or both? Readers, please answer. ●

RAILROADER Hugh F. O'Neil writes: "I buy your magazine for its entertaining features and not from any technical knowledge I may acquire from it. Like myself, almost all railroad men are union members, and our brotherhood publications give us just about all the technical data we need."

Hugh O'Neil

Hugh lives at 659 23rd St., Ogden, Utah, and is head payroll voucher clerk and IBM operator for the Southern Pacific's Salt Lake Division. He has been with the SP since 1941. Prior to that, for two years, he was Western Pacific yardmaster at Gerlach, Nevada.

"I enjoy historical articles like 'Whistle Stop' (Aug. issue), 'Third Avenue El' (June), and '100 Years of Circus Trains' (April). Also stories by Harry Bedwell and Haywire Mac. The *Mail Car* department I read first of all. Peter Josserand's articles on train dispatching have little appeal for me."

Hugh is one of Ogden's leading citizens, being president of Golden Spike Lodge 926, Brotherhood of Railway Clerks; president of Chapter 4, Order of St. Christopher for Catholic Railroadmen, and secretary of the Ogden SP Club.

"Father and son engineers on our division," he says, "include John and Donald Medcraft, Charles and Elmer Barnett, Archie and Carl Stokes, Hugh and Keith McLane, Leo and Meldon King, and Enoch and Arden Broadbent." ●

PROTEST from Robert A. Ramsay, 233 N. Kenmore Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.: "*Railroad Magazine* needs a certain amount of popular appeal, but must you continually keep your writing style down to the level of a 12-year-old kid? Your article on New York's Third Avenue Elevated (June issue) is an example of this, with its attempted slapstick humor, its choice of idioms, and its use of unnecessary slang."

Bob is secretary of a 400-member fan club, the Pacific Railroad Society, but this time, apparently, he speaks only for himself. (By the way, is the word *kid* "unnecessary slang?") According to Paul Stringham, 712 E. Bel Aire Court, Peoria, Ill., "That Third Avenue El story is a dandy."

Paul is *not* a 12-year-old. During the past 25 years he has taken about 4000 photos of trains, engines, interurbans, and streetcars, many of them top quality. "Now," he says, "I am devoting my spare time to rail history and old photos."

So there you have it. The editor who can please everybody hasn't been born yet. You will find him working on a magazine somewhere out in the Big Rock Candy Mountains. ●

AFTER re-reading all issues of *Railroad* from 1932 to '50 and comparing them with recent issues, ex-railroader J. M. Grigg, 5951 S. Tripp Ave., Chicago, offers this criticism:

"*Railroad* has become what I call a barber-shop magazine—something that eases boredom without exciting enough attention to bring regret at having to lay it aside. Too much garnishment and not enough meat! Too many pictures and not enough print!

"The working rail would like you to handle his everyday life in such a way as to exalt his sense of importance. He also welcomes railroad adventures that ring true. The retired rail, clinging to nostalgic memories, wants the magazine to reflect his youth. Fans dote on operation details. (*Continued on page 72*)

"We're looking for people who like to draw"

BY ALBERT DORNE

Famous Magazine Illustrator

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW? If you do—America's 12 Most Famous Artists are looking for you. We want you to test your art talent!

Too many people miss a wonderful career in art—simply because they don't think they have talent. But my colleagues and I have helped thousands of people get started. Like these—

Don Smith lives in New Orleans. Three years ago Don knew nothing about art—even doubted he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in the South—and has a future as big as he wants to make it.

Harriet Kuzniewski was bored with an "ordinary" job when she sent for our talent test. Once convinced that she had the makings of an artist—she started to study art at home. Soon she was offered a job as a fashion artist. A year later, she became assistant art director of a big buying office.

Pipe-fitter to Artist

John Busketta is another. He was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company—until he decided to do something about his urge to draw. He still works for the same company—but as an artist in the advertising department. At a big increase in pay!

Don Golemba of Detroit stepped up from railroad worker to the styling department of a major automobile company. Now he helps design new car models!

Salesgirl, Clerk, and Father of Three Win New Careers

A West Virginia salesgirl studied with us, got a job as an artist, later became advertising manager of the best store in Charleston.

John Whitaker of Memphis, Tenn., was an airline clerk when he began studying with us. Two years later, he won a national cartooning contest. Recently, a huge syndicate signed him to do a daily comic strip.

Stanley Bowen—a married man with three children, unhappy in a dead-end job—switched to a great new career in art. Now he's one of the happiest men you'll ever meet!

Profitable Hobby—at 72

A great-grandmother in Newark, Ohio, decided to use her spare time to study painting. Recently, she had her first local "one man" show—where she sold thirty-two water colors and five oil paintings.

Cowboy Starts Art Business

Donald Kern—a cowboy from Miles City, Montana—studied art with us. Now he paints portraits and sells them for $250 each. And he gets all the business he can handle.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she started studying with us. Now a swank New York gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

How about you? Wouldn't you like to trade places with these happy artists?

Free Art Talent Test

We want to help you find out if you have the talent for a fascinating money-making art career (part time or full time). We'll be glad to send you our remarkably revealing 8-page talent test. Thousands formerly paid $1 for this test. But we'll send it to you *free*—if you sincerely like to draw. No obligation. But mail coupon today.

America's 12 Most Famous Artists

ALBERT DORNE

NORMAN ROCKWELL

JON WHITCOMB

AL PARKER

HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

STEVAN DOHANOS

FRED LUDEKENS

PETER HELCK

ROBERT FAWCETT

BEN STAHL

DONG KINGMAN

AUSTIN BRIGGS

FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS

Studio 33-K, Westport, Conn.

Send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr.
Mrs. _____ Age____
Miss (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City, Zone, State _____

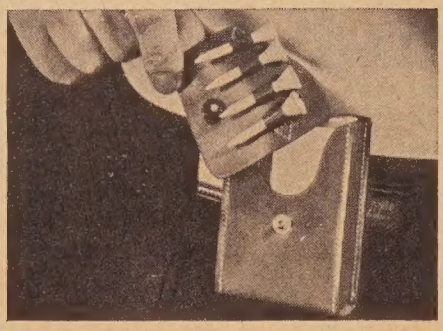
Men's Mart

STAG PARTY CLASSICS

From private files of Bernard of Hollywood, come torrid, unretouched photos, slides & films. LILI ST. CYR, JOANNE ARNOLD, PAT HALL, MARA CORDAY, & others, perform as you'll never see again!

COLOR SLIDES, 5 - 2x2's	$2.00
ACTION PHOTOS, 8 - 4x5's	$2.00
STAG MOVIES, 8mm - 50'	$3.00
STAG MOVIES, 16mm - 100'	$6.00
PINUPS, 68 pgs., 11x14	$1.25

BERNARD OF HOLLYWOOD
Box 46977, Los Angeles 46, Cal. Dpt. F-9



A fine way to carry cigarettes without crushing them is in this handsome leather case that just slips on your belt. Imported from England, case has place on front for golf tees, fishing flies, pen and pencil, etc. Holds both regular and king-size butts. Tan, green or red cowhide. Specify. $1.95 ppd. With three 24k gold stamped initials, 25c extra. Here's How, 27 East 22nd St., N.Y.

Pop like cheese? Here's a terrific assortment (terrific value, too) if he does. We show only five, but there are actually 6 cheese samples for your money—5 generous hunks totaling over a pound, plus a full 8-oz. bottle of Blue cheese dressing. Cheeses include aged sharp Cheddar, mild Cheddar, hickory and maple-smoked, sage and Oka. $2 ppd. Sugarbush Farm, Woodstock, Vt.

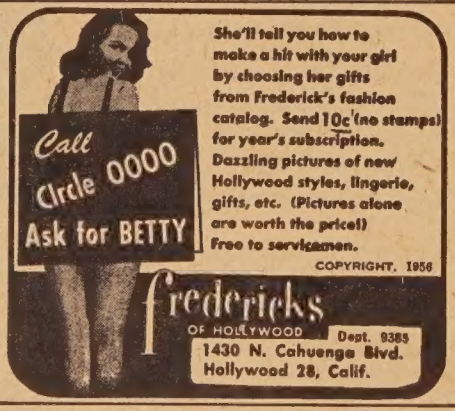
SENSATIONAL GET-ACQUAINTED OFFER

For stamp collectors and EVERYONE seeking an exciting new hobby. Get this big valuable collection of 105 genuine, all-different postage stamps—brought to you from the far-flung outposts of civilization in Africa, the exotic Orient, South Seas, etc. Brilliant pictorials, spectacular commemoratives, strange mysterious stamps picturing beautiful dancing girls, weird fish and animals, kings and queens, action-packed sports—from Singapore, Iceland, Indonesia, Syria, Formosa, Greenland, Israel, many, many others. **PLUS** 87 gorgeous flag stamps of 87 different countries! **EXTRA:** other exciting offers, Bargain Catalog, valuable manual "How to Recognize Rare Stamps." *Enclose 10c for mailing expenses . . .* Supplies limited SEND TODAY!
KENMORE STAMPS, MILFORD NF-743 NEW HAMP.

B.B. PISTOL
STANDARD BB'S AND DARTS

Shoots like an air gun but this hard-shooting pistol uses powder caps to fire ammunition. For target shooting, plinking or pests. Fun for entire family. 8½" overall. Made of Styrene and steel. Comes with supply of BB's and darts. Money back guarantee. At sports dealers or write:
WAMO MFG CO., Box 61-G, San Gabriel, Calif.

These are really excellent boots, made by the fine craftsmen of Mexico. All work is done by hand. Boots (9" high) have a special last with a large ankle width which lets boots go on and off easily. Fully lined with soft kidskin. Available in tan or black. Sizes 5-12, and in all widths. Specify. Good value at $15 ppd. a pair. McLean Mexico Shopper, 512 N. Main, McAllen, Texas.



She'll tell you how to make a hit with your girl by choosing her gifts from Frederick's fashion catalog. Send 10c (no stamps) for year's subscription. Dazzling pictures of new Hollywood styles, lingerie, gifts, etc. (Pictures alone are worth the price!) Free to servicemen.

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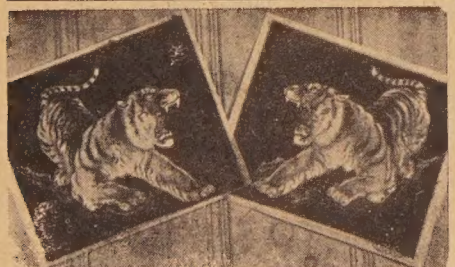

TIGER prints to give your room a rugged, adventure look. Realistic in charcoal black and gold, these IMPORTED TIGERS are hand painted by Japanese artists on silk. A guaranteed eye-catcher in bamboo frame or under a glass tray. Others include:

PANTHERS—Sineway, jet black
SNOW SCENES—Crisp and cool
ORIENTAL SCENES—Geisha girls, pagodas, etc.
LANDSCAPES—Vibrant and colorful

Your satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded. Unframed 15" x 18", $2.50 each or matching pair $4.50 pp.
HMMH Importers, 6316 Longview Ave.
DEPT. PM. LOS ANGELES 28. CALIFORNIA

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HERE'S the easiest way to learn FRENCH, SPANISH, Russian, German, Italian, Japanese or Brazilian. Listen to FREE 2-sided non-breakable record. Let your eyes follow words in FREE sample lesson. Almost at once you'll be chatting in a new language with a perfect accent! That's all you hear! No dull, tedious work. Just listen—imitate! It's that easy! Offer may end soon. Rush 25c to help cover cost of special packaging, shipping. State language you want. We'll also send free information on full Cortina course. No obligation.
CORTINA ACADEMY, Dept. 1189, 136 W. 52nd St., New York 19.

Some time back we showed a set of mugs decorated with old cars. Now they are back, this time with colorful old railroad locomotives including such as the Hudson double-ender, eight-wheeled American, etc. There are 8 in the set. Handles and rims are trimmed in 22k gold, and your name is engraved in 22k across front (print). Each, $4.95 ppd. Lord George, 1270 Broadway, N.Y.

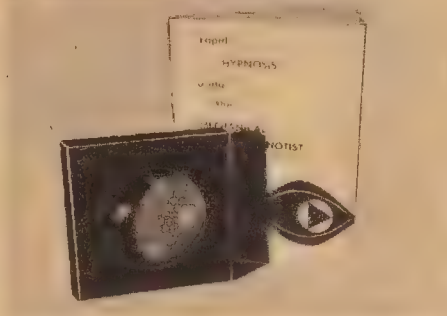
SHOP BY MAIL

All products shown here may be obtained directly from indicated sources. Send check or money order with your order. Manufacturer will refund full purchase price on prompt return of unused, non-personalized items. This department is not composed of paid advertising.

This is superior coral jewelry. It is *real* coral from the Mediterranean Sea, and each piece has been carefully cut, rounded, matched and polished in Capri to make up this necklace and earring set. Color is the true rich coral red. Real craftsmanship is obvious here. 15½-inch double strand necklace, $4.40; earrings, $2.50; set, $6.50 ppd. Alpine Imports, 505-A Fifth Ave., N.Y.

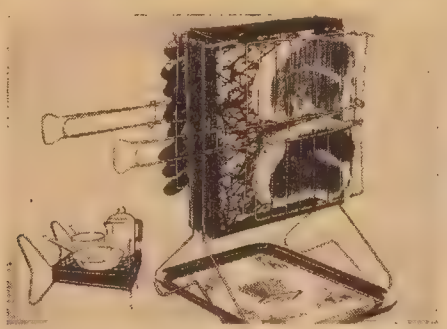
No bigger than a fountain pen, but plenty powerful is this new precision-made pocket microscope-telescope. Handy for sports, looking at rare objects, just plain snooping. Telescope magnifies 10-power with a wide, brilliant field. Microscope is 50-power. Focus sharp at any range: a real optical instrument, not a toy. $4.95 ppd. Prince Enterprises, 103 Park Ave., N.Y.

Mount this small Westinghouse motor on your workbench and use it as a buffing, grinding, polishing wheel. Can also be fitted for light drilling, sanding, etc., or equipped with flexible shaft. Develops 1/60 h.p. at 7,000 rpm on 110 volts AC. Shaft is ¼"; case has 4 mounting holes. Surplus, and a solid bargain for $3.95 ppd. Chabon Scientific Co., 60-F East 42nd, N. Y.



Should you have somebody you'd like to hypnotize, this little mechanical apparatus will do the job. It comes with a 32 page book of instructions which tells how to use the "mechanical hypnotist." The book also has chapters on instantaneous hypnosis, entertaining, etc. Complete, $1.98 ppd. Order from Post-Way Products, Desk 1-PR, 30 East 20th St., New York 3, N.Y.

$12,500 for one silver dollar! What are U. S. coins worth? The United States Coin Book gives up-to-date values of all U. S. coins, tells you how to collect 'em, what you should look for in 'em and a batch of other useful information. Covers coins from the earliest Colonial times to the present. Well illustrated, hard-cover book. $2 ppd. Fell Publishers, Dept. C, 386 Fourth Ave., N. Y.



Although this excellent grill is designed primarily to broil vertically (the restaurant way), it also doubles as a conventional camp stove. Holds less than 2 lbs. of charcoal, will give off a uniform heat for an hour. Broils 40 hot dogs, 4 half chickens, or 4 steaks at a time. With 2 broiler racks and tray, $5.95 ppd. Breck's, 324 Breck Bldg., Boston 10, Mass.

This fabulous plastic twin-lens VIEWER, plus

20 Gorgeous 3rd dimensional ART SLIDE VIEWS of Hollywood's loveliest models in FULL COLOR

Never before such an offer! Hollywood's most beautiful women plus handsome viewer ...every daring dimension. Send $2 cash, check or money order today! *FREE* catalog...100's of subjects...3rd dimensional full color!

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Color-Vu Dept. AM-9

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Bean's Free Fall Catalog

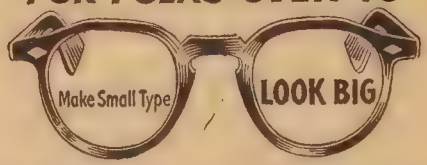
Ready Aug. 15th

Fully illustrated, 108 pages, showing Hunting Footwear, Clothing, and one hundred and twenty other leather and canvas specialties of our own manufacture for campers and hunters.

L. L. Bean, Inc., 89 Main St., Freeport, Maine

Mfrs. Hunting and Camping Specialties

MAGNIFYING GLASSES FOR FOLKS OVER 40



NOW, — magnifying lenses for elderly folks who don't wear glasses regularly, who do not have astigmatism or diseases of the eye, and who have difficulty reading newspapers, the Bible and doing fancy work. It's no longer necessary to struggle and squint with an old-fashioned magnifying glass which has only one lens, because Precision Magnifying glasses bring you a magnifying lens for each eye and help stop eyestrain and discomfort. Permit restful reading hour after hour like you never did before. Try them at home on a five day trial plan that leaves no room for doubt.

PRECISION MAGNIFYING GLASSES

A Blessing for Elderly Folks.

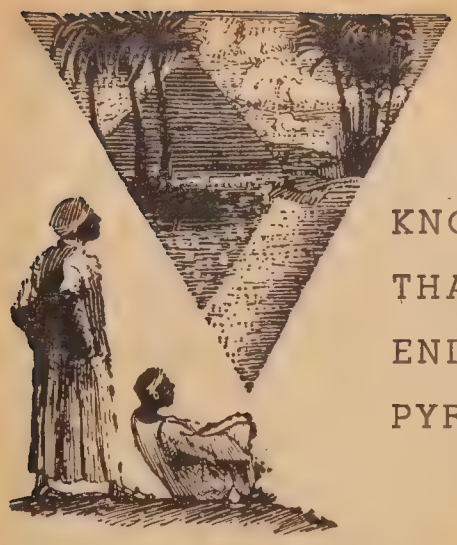
Lenses are scientifically (not Rx) ground and polished, then fitted into a frame of simulated zylonite. Truly they add to your looks, and, for reading purposes they're wonderful. Complete satisfaction guaranteed. Best order a pair today.

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail name, address and age. On arrival pay postman only $4.00 plus C.O.D. postage. Wear them 5 days, then, if you aren't more than satisfied return for refund of purchase price. If you remit with your order, we ship prepaid, same guarantee. Order from:

PRECISION OPTICAL, Inc.

Dept. 437-M **Rochell, Ill.**



KNOWLEDGE
THAT HAS
ENDURED WITH THE
PYRAMIDS

A SECRET METHOD FOR THE MASTERY OF LIFE

WHENCE came the knowledge that built the Pyramids and the mighty Temples of the Pharaohs? Civilization began in the Nile Valley centuries ago. Where did its first builders acquire their astounding wisdom that started man on his upward climb? Beginning with naught they overcame nature's forces and gave the world its first sciences and arts. Did their knowledge come from a race now submerged beneath the sea, or were they touched with Infinite inspiration? From what concealed source came the wisdom that produced such characters as Amenhotep IV, Leonardo da Vinci, Isaac Newton, and a host of others?

Today it is known that they discovered and learned to interpret certain *Secret Methods* for the development of their inner power of mind. They learned to command the inner forces within their own beings, and to master life. This secret art of living has been preserved and handed down throughout the ages. Today it is extended to those who dare to use its profound principles to meet and solve the problems of life in these complex times.

This Sealed Book — FREE

Has life brought you that personal satisfaction, the sense of achievement and happiness that you desire? If not, it is your duty to yourself to learn about this rational method of applying natural laws for the mastery of life. To the thoughtful person it is obvious that everyone cannot be entrusted with an intimate knowledge of the mysteries of life, for everyone is not capable of properly using it. But if you are one of those possessed of a true desire to forge ahead and wish to make use of the subtle influences of life, the Rosicrucians (not a religious organization) will send you a Sealed Book of explanation without obligation. This Sealed Book tells how you, in the privacy of your own home, without interference with your personal affairs or manner of living, may receive these secret teachings. Not weird or strange practices, but a rational application of the basic laws of life. Use the coupon, and obtain your complimentary copy.

The ROSICRUCIANS

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SCRIBE: V. L. A.
The Rosicrucians (AMORC)
San Jose, California
Please send free copy of Sealed Book, which I shall read as directed.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

Use this coupon for **FREE** *copy of book*

AMENHOTEP IV
FOUNDER OF EGYPT'S MYSTERY SCHOOLS

BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN

ONE evening as the sun went down
And the jungle fire was burning,
Down the track came a hobo hiking
And he said, "Boys, I'm not turning;
I'm headed for a land that's far away,
Besides the crystal fountain,
So come with me, we'll go and see
The Big Rock Candy Mountain.

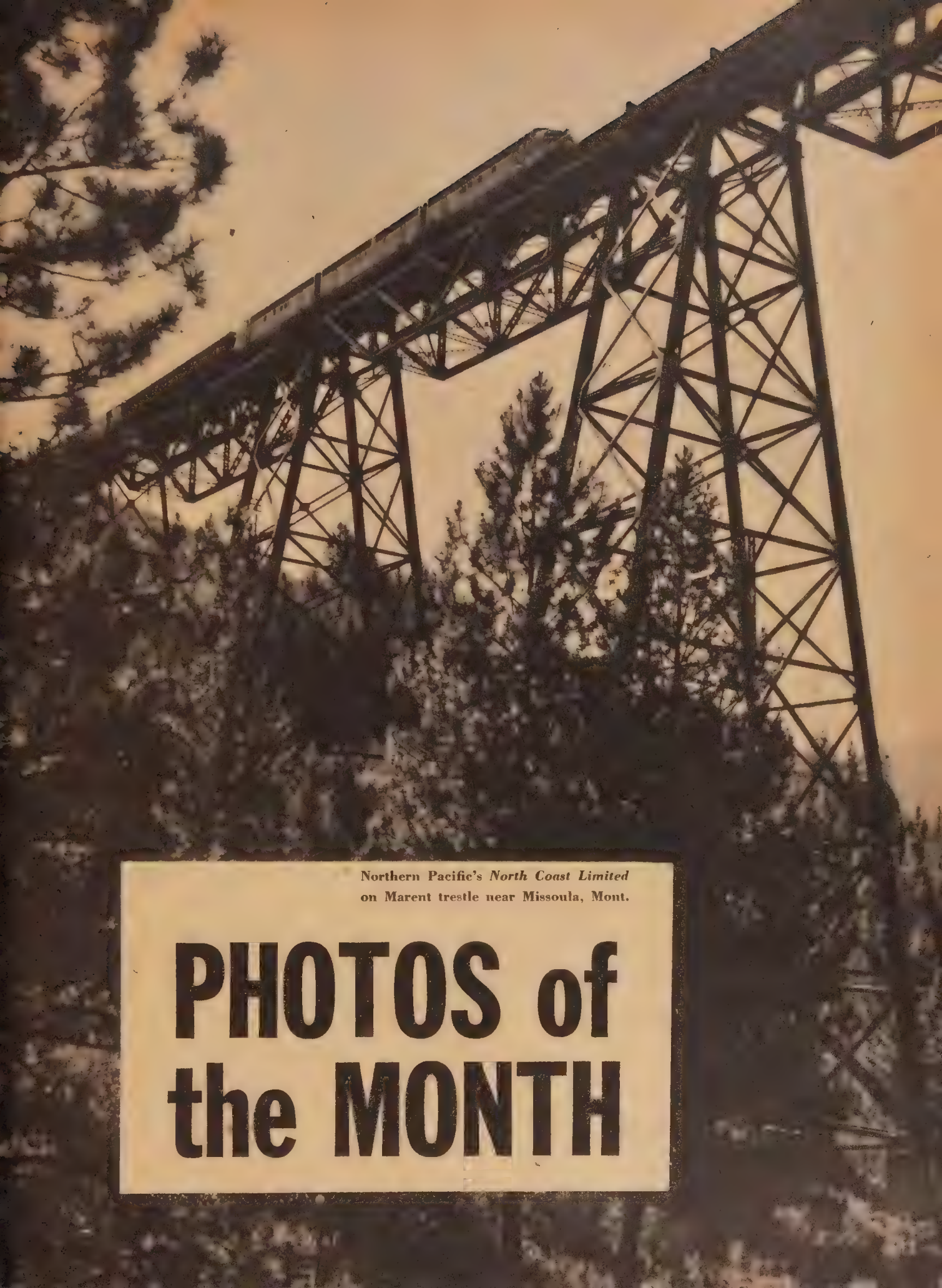
"In the Big Rock Candy Mountain,
That's a land that's fair and bright,
And the handouts grow on bushes,
And you sleep out every night.
Where the boxcars all are empty
And the sun shines every day;
Where there's the birds and the bees
And the cigarette trees;
Where the lemonade springs
And the blue bird sings
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

"In the Big Rock Candy Mountain
All the cops have wooden legs,
The bulldogs have rubber teeth,
And the hens lay soft-boiled eggs;
Where the farmers' trees are full of fruit,
And the barns are full of hay,
Oh, I'm bound to go
Where there ain't no snow,
Where the rain don't fall,
And the wind don't blow—
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

"In the Big Rock Candy Mountain
You never change your sox,
And the little streams of alcohol
Come trickling down the rocks;
Where the brakemen have to tip their hats,
And the railroads pull their blinds.
Oh, a lake of stew, and whisky too.
You can paddle around in a big canoe
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

"In the Big Rock Candy Mountain
All the jails are made of tin,
And you can walk right out again,
Just as soon as you are in.
Where there ain't no short-handled shovels,
No axes, saws or picks;
Where they hang the Turk that invented work
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

—*Harry K. McClintock*



Northern Pacific's *North Coast Limited* on Marent trestle near Missoula, Mont.

PHOTOS of the MONTH

Don Wood, 29 Mounthaven Drive, Livingston, N. J.

Steam power still rolls on the Jersey coast. Doubleheaded by 3678 (once streamlined for *The Jeffersonian*) and 3884, a New York & Long Branch (PRR) train blasts out of Point Pleasant, headed for Bay Head at the end of the line

"Oft, when I feel my engine swerve,
As o'er strange rails I face,
I strain my eyes around the curve
For what awaits us there."
—Ey Werman

Bryan Beard
Norfolk & Western Railway

"Once they were mighty," reads the caption that the Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* had under this photo by Charles Faulk. At the point where the Yazoo River meets the Mississippi, two Illinois Central Mikados (the first is 1698), awaiting retirement, stand dejectedly alongside a former river queen, the steamer *Sprague*, now a museum.

— Courtesy of Ethel Borner and Illinois Central Magazine

While some roads turn to low, rail-hugging trains (see page 44), Santa Fe presents a new hi-level version of its *El Capitan*, two feet taller than conventional equipment.

Santa Fe Railway

J. C. Illman, 902 Logan St., Alton, Ill.

A Canadian National extra chugs across the Ottawa River east of Vaudreuil, Quebec, on the busy Toronto-Montreal main line.

Liverpool's "Overhead," privately owned, is the only metropolitan elevated railway in the British Isles. Running along 6½ miles of docks, it is known as "the dockers' umbrella." Latest reports say this umbrella is slated to fold up soon.

(c) British Information Services, N. Y. City

Nicholas Morant, Canadian Pacific Railway

Canadian Pacific diesel units 4057 and 4452 highball fast freight out of a tunnel and over a "match-stick" trestle in the Coquilhalla District near Romeo, British Columbia.

Thunder in Cajon Pass . . . the power and the glory of ten thousand yesterdays . . . Two mighty coal-burners wheel a Santa Fe luxury train through the mountains.

H. Sullivan

Canyon War

It was Jim Hill Against Ed Harriman, the Last of the Mighty Rail Barons, the One-Eyed Titan from St. Paul vs. the Bespectacled Wall Street Wizard, and Their Men Battled in a Bleak Wilderness for Control of Central Oregon

by FRANK DONOVAN, JR.

HAVE YOU EVER ridden the high-stepping *Empire Builder* along the north bank of the Columbia River at Wishram, Washington? If so, you have met History face to face, you have rolled luxuriously near to the site of America's last big railroad war.

They say it's peopled with ghosts, that bleak and lonely country. Brown treeless bluffs ominously crowd both sides of the broad blue waterway.

Looking toward the Oregon bank, you gaze enraptured at a rent in the cliffs through which the Deschutes River comes tumbling out to pour into the Columbia.

Here, less than half a century ago, the forces of two mighty rail barons waged an epic combat. It was Hill against Harriman.

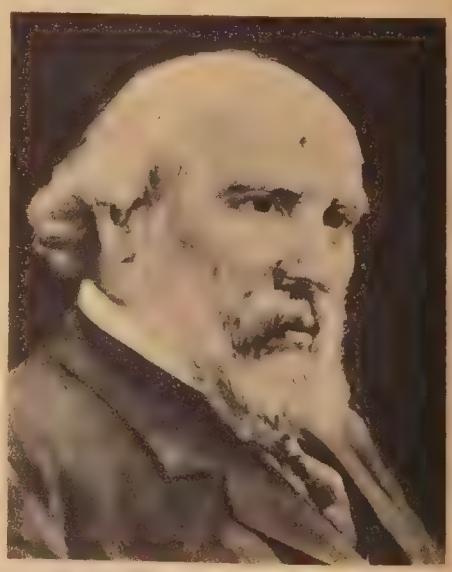
The Titan from St. Paul, James J. Hill, shaggy and bearded and blind in one eye, had built the Great Northern Railway as his "great adventure" and had since acquired control of the Burlington and the Northern Pacific. And now, plump-bellied and seventy but still a powerful figure to reckon with, he boldly invaded the wilderness domain of Edward H. Harriman up in the Northwest.

In doing so, he underestimated Harriman. The bespectacled little man with a walrus mustache, though slight of build, was not the kind to take a challenge lightly. From his Wall Street battlements Ed Harriman ruled the far-spreading Southern Pacific and its ally, the Union Pacific, and guarded them with the fierce cunning of a lioness watching her cubs.

His was a neatly planned setup. The SP gave him a near-monopoly along the Pacific coast, while with the Union Pacific he could bottle up the strategic middle route between East and west. Below the Columbia, Harriman made the railroad policies; above, Jim Hill was boss. The trouble started when Hill began tearing down the Harriman "fence" that kept him out of Central Oregon.

Both groups mobilized quickly. Hill's ace card was the charter of a "paper" railroad, the Oregon Trunk Line, which authorized the construction of a steel trail up the west side of the rugged Deschutes Canyon. Harriman countered by taking over the right-of-way of another paper line, the Deschutes Railroad, along the east side of the canyon.

Each tycoon aimed to build his own railroad through the tall gloomy canyon; and since the valley was too narrow to admit more than one road, the victor would hold the key to central Oregon, rich in lumber and water-power and already dotted with towns. What the Royal Gorge meant to the Rio Grande and what Raton Pass meant to the Santa Fe, the Deschutes Canyon would mean to the line that conquered it first.



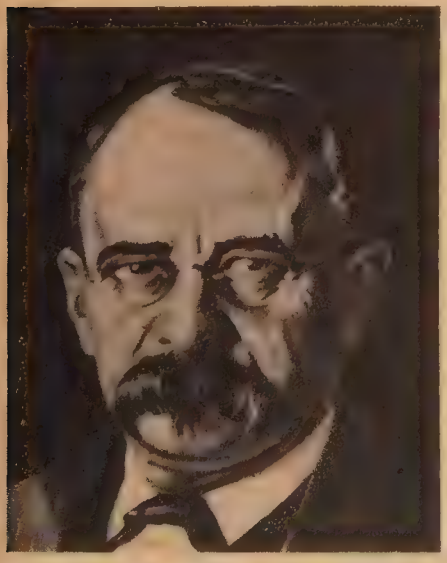
On one side: James J. Hill, builder of Great Northern, aging but still powerful

Union Pacific Railroad

In steam-power era: Union Pacific train winding its way through Columbia River gorge near Hood, Oregon.

A hawk flying southward from the Columbia River to the canyon's narrowest part would cover 75 miles. It is another 80 miles to Bend, Oregon, terminus of the Oregon Trunk. From the Columbia to the canyon the battle raged as Hill sought to "liberate" Oregon from the Easterner's control.

Katydids were singing their midsummer song in Oregon's piney woods when the rival barons gathered their cohorts for the long trek



On the other side: E. H. Harriman, ruler of Southern Pacific and Union Pacific

up the Deschutes River. Harriman had one advantage: his company's main line hugged the south bank of the Columbia halfway across the state.

He also had a branch line extending from the Columbia for 69 miles south to Shaniko village. The branch roughly paralleled the Deschutes River and varied from one to 20 miles east of it. Over this line the Wall Street wizard sent boxcars loaded with horses and mules, flats bearing timber and rails, and coachloads of laborers.

MEANWHILE, Jim Hill was pouring men and materials over his newly-built road, the Spokane, Portland & Seattle, which followed the Columbia's north bank. At that time no bridge crossed the fast-flowing river within 100 miles of Wishram (then named Clarke), but that did not deter the Empire Builder. Always resourceful, he used a small stern-wheeler, the *Norma,* to ferry what he needed across the water. At the same time he sent other construction items by boat to The Dalles. From there he moved them 30 miles south over the Great Southern Railway, a short line that paralleled the Deschutes.

The engineers in charge of both projects were as distinguished as they were tough. Stevens, the Oregon Trunk's top command, had served as ranking engineer for the Panama and had found Marias Pass, the Great Northern's low-grade opening through the Rockies. Assisting him were Ralph Budd, a future president of the GN and later of the Burlington, and Ralph Modjeski, who created some of America's greatest bridges. Construction brains on the Deschutes Railroad side included George W. Boschke, who had built the famous sea wall at Galveston, Texas, and H. A. Brandon, chief engineer of the Lucin Cutoff across Great Salt Lake.

Hard-boiled men from many nations streamed over the jerry-built roads. There were Swedish powder experts, Australian laborers, Slavic and Greek drillers, North American adventurers, Italian gandy dancers, and a few redskins. Wagons pulled by four or six sweating horses apiece rattled over rocks and sloshed through mud, with profane teamsters belaboring the horses. Those

Albert Farrow photo collection

Great Northern train No. 1, predecessor of the *Empire Builder*, as it looked in the days of Deschutes Canyon war.

wagons were loaded to capacity with rails ties, drills, a limited amount of machinery, and other supplies.

Steam shovels were brought in piecemeal by Twohy Brothers, the Hariman contractors. But after all the oil of transporting them it was found that the hard rock which rimmed the Deschutes made them impractical.

"Except for a small steam shovel anda few dump cars, the entire Oregon Trunk Line as far as Metolius was built by hand, and in the Twentieth Century," recalls Norman Entler, who served as a resident engineer at that time. "It was one of the last big construction jobs which used considerable black powder. For the most part, the equipment consisted of picks, hand shovels, wheel-barrows, 'Swede' cars, hand-drilling tools, and 20-pound rail."

The Hill men, numbering about 3,000, encamped west of the river, while some 3,800 of Harriman's "boys" held forth on the east side, and constant warring went on between the two camps. It would have been a gigantic task to carve out only one railroad for 100 miles or so along a river hemmed in by towering walls, some rising to the dizzy height of 2,000 feet, but with *two* railroads going forward simultaneously in that restricted area, it is no wonder that the tension kept mounting.

SETTLERS in the Northwest were so hotblooded that the Oregon territorial legislature injected a curious provision into the charter it granted to the Oregon Trunk Line. Each company official had to:

> . . . solemnly swear that I have not fought a duel nor sent or accepted a challenge to fight a duel nor been a second to either party . . . and that I will not be so engaged . . . in or about any such duel during my continuance in office.

There is no record of any duel having been fought during the Canyon War, but violence and strong-arm tactics were commonplace. For example, Johnson Porter, head of a Hill contracting firm, observed long lines of wagons moving over rough mountain roads that Harriman's forces had built, and he blocked them by buying a farm across which Deschutes Railroad supplies were being teamed and he posted this warning:

"No Trespassing. Porter Brothers."

And when he saw that "the enemy" were drawing water from a certain spring, he purchased the spot and erected a sign, reading: "No Water to Spare. Porter Brothers." The farm was guarded by about a hundred foreign-born laborers, but Harriman's men managed to break this blockade with the help of a sheriff and a score of deputies.

Along the river banks surged the rival forces, first one side in the lead, then the other. Showers of rocks mysteriously rolled down from the palisades while men were at work below. A case of dynamite with a sputtering lighted fuse was found at the Deschutes Railroad camp just barely in time to keep it from piling up a frightful casualty list.

A little later the Oregon Trunk's engineering headquarters was burglarized; field notes vanished, and locating stakes were pulled up. Both sides suffered from the surreptitious burning of supplies. Saboteurs poured ground emery into locomotive driving boxes and guides and into the bearings on steam shovels.

Just north of Sherar's bridge, where the river makes an oxbow bend, the rival forces started digging and blasting tunnels within 200 feet

of each other. The Oregon Trunk's dynamiting pelted the Deschutes Railroad men with so many rocks that they had to retire temporarily. Then someone sent a telegram to Mr. Boschke, purportedly from Galveston, which read: "Come at once. The sea wall has broken." The grizzled engineer took one look, crumpled it up, and went on working.

The real showdown came when the Oregon Trunk had to move over to the river's east bank at Milepost 75. This spot was in the narrow Deschutes Canyon, where there is scarcely room for a single track. On top of this, the Oregon Trunk would have to cross the homestead of H. J. Smith, who had already sold his land to the Deschutes Railroad.

At that point you might have thought Jim Hill was checkmated. But not so. His Oregon Trunk had prior rights to the east side of the canyon for a dozen miles. What good would it do the Deschutes Railroad to own the Smith ranch while Hill's forces held the canyon itself?

The Oregon Trunk lost no time in getting an injunction to restrain its rival from entering the canyon. Harriman's men ignored it. Hill's "army" approached the canyon from one end, Harriman's from the other. Both sides were armed and they advanced toward each other like troops moving into battle. From all indications, a bloody fray was in the making.

But at this juncture Robert S. Lovett, president of the Harriman lines, went into personal conference with the wary James J. Hill, back East. There must have been quite an argument behind the closed oak-paneled doors, but the get-together resulted in a compromise. Both parties agreed that the Oregon Trunk should lay the tracks but there should be joint operation through the canyon by both roads, with perpetual traffic rights for the Deschutes Railroad.

SO THE OREGON TRUNK completed the section through the disputed valley. Its line ran from North Junction, to the lower end, South Junction, twelve miles distant. From the latter station the two roads went on their separate ways as far as Metolius. Here the Deschutes Railroad called it quits. From that community to the terminus at Bend it agreed to use the Hill-built road.

One reason for this decision was the deep chasm of Crooked Creek, three miles south of Opal City. Ralph Modjeski designed a graceful but costly cantilever bridge over which ran the Oregon Trunk rails. It consisted of one 340-foot arch span, a dizzy 320 feet above water level and was then the highest single-span bridge in America.

Now, at last, the road was finished —a magnificent 156-mile line through the lonely rock-ribbed plateau of central Oregon. Ninety-pound rail all the way, no grade over 1.3 per cent, and sturdy bridges built as if for eternity.

That was Hill's prescription for an efficient railroad. The aging but still vigorous Empire Builder was proud that memorable day, October 5, 1911, when he drove the golden spike at Bend.

"We mean to get along with our neighbor, the Union Pacific," he said in a speech. "When they get in a tight place we are going to extend a helping hand of fellowship and if we get in a tight place we will call on them. We won't make faces across the fence."

Perhaps Jim Hill chuckled to himself. Maybe he thought of the remark that had been made at a dinner in his honor before the Oregon Trunk line was built. The speaker, looking in his direction, had observed:

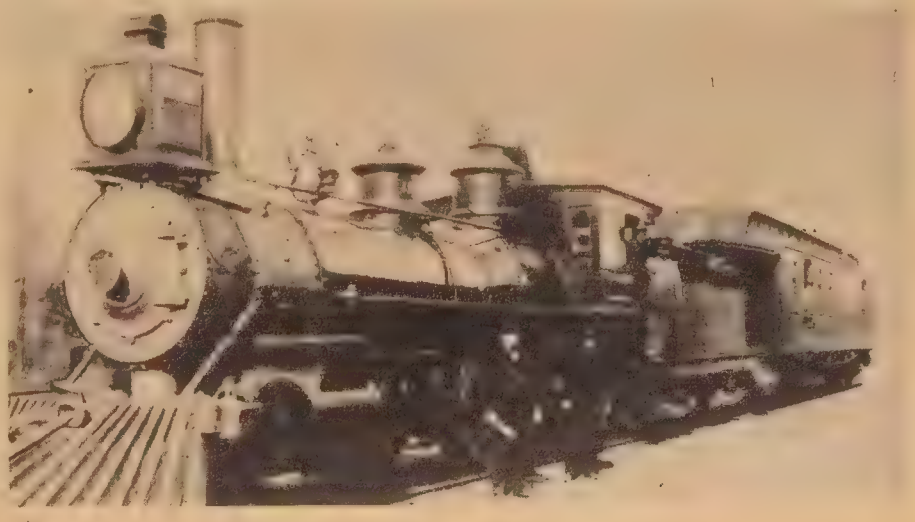
"Oregon is bounded on the north by the Harriman lines, on the east by the Harriman lines, on the south by the Harriman lines, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean. From this, Mr. Hill, you may see that central Oregon is between the Devil and the deep blue sea."

Yes, Hill had broken—but not leveled—the Harriman fence. Obviously he planned to go further. Ralph Budd told your author that he had made reconnaissances at Mr. Hill's request with the avowed purpose of entering California. The Empire Builder wanted an outlet to San Francisco by way of an independent connecting line.

Ultimately the Great Northern flung its rails south from Bend, Oregon, to Bieber, California. There, in 1931, it met the northern California extension of the Western Pacific. Meanwhile, Harriman had died in 1909 and Jim Hill had followed him into the Great Beyond seven years later, but Hill's dream of a new route to San Francisco was completed by his able lieutenant, Ralph Budd.

Today, the Oregon Trunk is high iron, with shining rail ranging from 112 to 131 pounds. Automatic block signals wink by night, while two-way radios in cabs and cabooses break the solitude of the desolate valley. Between the heedless Columbia River and North Junction—a spot no

Typical of Great Northern power at the time of the Hill-Harriman feud was No. 168, a fast eight-wheeler with a tall stack and a box headlight on front.
Fred W. Zirbel photo collection



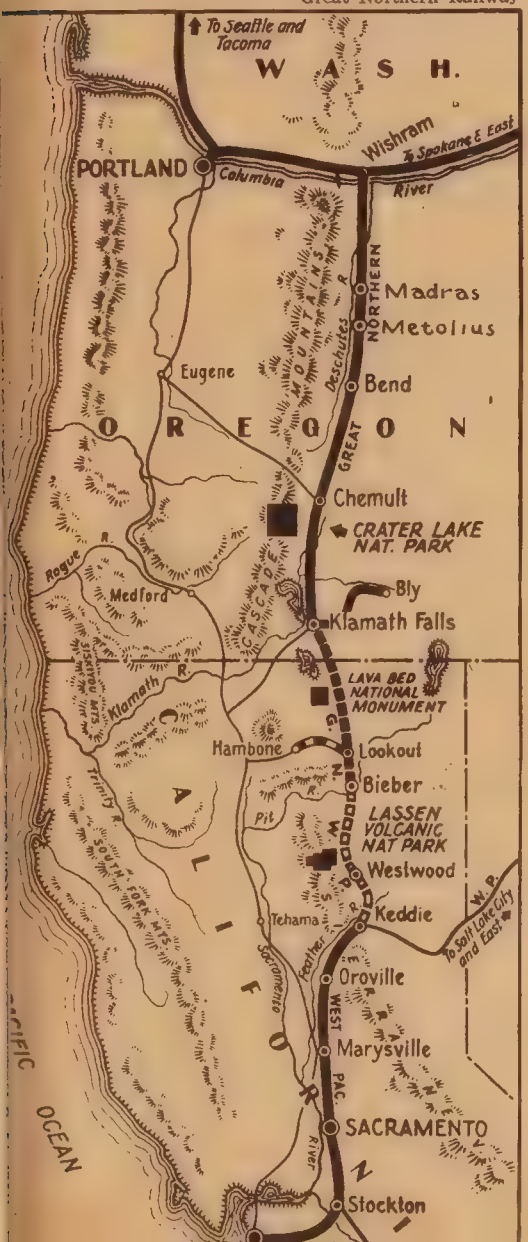
Union Pacific Railroad

Today, with the Deschutes Canyon fight long forgotten, diesel-powered trains speed passengers and freight alongside and across the fast-flowing blue Columbia River. (Above) The Union Pacific's *City of Portland*. (Below) A Great Northern freight westbound near Rock Island, Washington. Much history was made on or near the banks of the Columbia.

longer shown on the timecard—you can see an abandoned right-of-way on the east side of the trout-filled Deschutes. That was the old Harriman line. Rattlesnakes slither in sagebrush where steel rails once glinted on the slim roadway—71 miles of lost hopes and millions of dollars squandered!

What seemingly had been a backwoods fight in an obscure canyon turned out to be the inception of a new route to the Golden Gate. The wizard of Wall Street had fought to hold an empire; the one-eyed Titan from St. Paul had fought to extend one. There on the rimrock each side had slugged it out—the last old-fashioned railroad war between the last of the great railway barons. ●

Aftermath of Canyon War: In 1931 the GN and Western Pacific built new route to San Francisco (shown by a broken line).
Great Northern Railway



Sunny Side of the Track

Old Rusty & Wobbly

A BUTT of many jokes was the Ohio River & Western narrow-gage, known as the "Old Rusty & Wobbly," which the Pennsy took over in 1924. This was one of America's most crooked railroads. It never had a smoking car or a wrecking train. When a car jumped the track it was hauled back onto the rails by the crew with a block and tackle.

According to one legend, when the company put a big whistle on its engine, the hogger had to stop the train every time he wanted to blow it. He didn't have enough steam to run the locomotive and *toot-toot* at the same time. It is said that on many occasions passengers got off and helped to push the train up a hill. An impatient traveler once asked Conductor Fred Kaylor if he couldn't go any faster.

"Sure, I could," said Kaylor, "but I have to stay with the train."

A Berth Mark

She: "How did you get that scratch?"

He: "I fell out of an upper berth in a Pullman car."

She: "Oh, a berth mark, eh?"

A Neat Trick

ONE DARK NIGHT a brakeman was signaling his engineer from the top of a boxcar when his lantern slipped and fell to the ground. A man who was passing quickly picked it up and handed it back to the brakeman. Thereupon the train slammed to a halt, and pretty soon the engineer came running up and he said:

"Do that again."

"Do what again?" asked the brakie.

"Jump from the ground to the top of that boxcar."

The Lower Is Higher

A TRAVELER informed a ticket agent that he wanted a Pullman berth on the next train to New York.

"Upper or lower?" asked the agent.

"What's the difference?"

The agent was most accommodating. "Seventy-five cents," he explained. "You see, the lower is higher than the upper. The higher price is for the lower. If you want it lower you'll have to go higher. We sell the upper lower than the lower. Some people don't like the upper, although it is lower because of its being higher. When you occupy an upper berth you have to get up to go to bed, and get down to get up."

He smiled pleasantly.

"Now, which do you want? The upper is lower than the lower because it is higher. If you are willing to go higher it will be lower."

But the poor man had fainted.

Boomer Know-How

A BOOMER OPERATOR, sent to a small country station as relief for the regular second-trick man, found it dilapidated, weather-beaten, and badly in need of paint. Worst of all, the floor was full of cracks through which the cold November wind whistled in on his feet and up his pants legs. He asked the agent:

"Why don't you get this floor fixed?"

"Fixed?" came the reply. "Why, I've been reporting that floor for two years and all I get is promises."

"Then I'll get it fixed."

The agent cackled. "Fat chance!"

That night, shortly after ten o'clock, the road's crack passenger train was due past the depot. When the boomer op heard it whistle for the board he shoved his chair back, stuck one of its legs in a crack, and gave a twist that broke the chair leg. Then he lay down on the floor.

He was still there, apparently unconscious, when the conductor bustled into the office. It took the skipper fifteen minutes to revive him and get a clearance for the board—all of which went on the delay report.

Next morning, carpenter gangs, painters, and roofers swarmed all over the place. In ten days you couldn't recognize the old depot, it looked so good. When the regular op returned and the boomer moved on, the agent was still walking around in circles, muttering incoherently.

"Knowing boomers as I do," comments Bill Knapke, who sent us this story, "I'd say the incident is true."

New Haven Railroad

You'll find precious few crews today cooking their meals in the crummy.

Caboose Hustler

Boomer Trainmen, Believing that Providence Smiled on the Good Provider, Kept a Bag of Tricks Handy for Rustling Grub in Between Visits to the Pay Car

by HAYWIRE MAC

MEMORY harks back to my youth as a boomer, when there were only twelve pay-days in the whole year of railroading, and when fifty or sixty bucks was considered a pretty fair month's pay, when fresh eggs could be bought for as little as twelve Indian pennies a dozen, and when a good glass of lager beer set you back just one Liberty nickel.

For about forty-eight hours after pay-day we boomers were plutocrats, but prosperity rarely lasted for a longer period; we were always broke for at least a week before the money-wagon came around again. Some guys were content to get along on what could be procured in the grocery store for cash or credit, while others of us remembered that Providence was inclined to smile on a man who was a good hustler.

You could pick up quite a few delicacies in those days, and probably even now there are chances to replenish your larder if you give some thought to the problem. This applies only to guys who cook their own meals in the caboose, of which precious few are left today. I admit that the desert divisions of Nevada, Wyoming, Arizona, New Mexico, and other Western states offer scant reward to an industrious forager, but the country east of the Mississippi ought to be about as good as it ever was.

On the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago (now part of the Pennsy) I "broke partners" with Artie Fischer, a tall, rangy lad of German parentage. At all times a search of our caboose would have revealed a .22 rifle, a shotgun, several fishing-rods, an assortment of tackle, and occasionally a good big minnow seine which, after dark, occasionally landed larger fish than minnows.

As soon as we headed into a siding out in the brush and bramble country, we first looked over our train as a matter of course. Then, instead of hunting the cushions for a snooze or a gabfest, we'd drop a line or two into the nearest creek in the hope of picking up an unwary black bass. Or, if it was fall or winter, we'd be out in the stubble fields along the track in search of rabbits and quail.

In the spring, when the white suckers were running, Artie would get down in the creek, drive the fish

into the tangled grass roots under an overhanging bank, and grab them with his hands. In midsummer I have seen him use the same method to capture snapping turtles, and as a result of our wayside foraging, we cooked many a mess of delicious fried turtle and many a kettle of turtle soup. I soon learned the trick of catching suckers, which are not bad eating if you have patience to pick out the bones; but I never did get up courage enough to go feeling in submerged muskrat holes for a warlike snapper.

Any pasture field is good for a mess of mushrooms. There are supposed to be thirty or more edible species of fungi, but I can't distinguish more than four of them. Three of this number—the sponge mushroom, the "shaggy mane," and the type with a pink underside—grow in the spring. The fourth one, the puffball, comes into its own along about summertime, but comparatively few people are aware it is edible. This kind, when dry, is known as "the devil's snuffbox," but if you are lucky enough to stumble across them when they are new and fresh you'll agree they are good eating.

For cooking, peel off the outer layer, cut the rest into slices like eggplant, dip in egg batter, and fry until golden brown. But don't go gathering fungi until you've had a few instructions from someone who knows the difference between mushrooms and toadstools. The latter are plenty lethal.

There is still an abundance of cornfields; and, to my way of thinking, the old yellow field corn in the "roasting ear" stage is just as good as any fancy sweet corn. No caboose in which meals are cooked need be without a supply of fruit from the time early-harvest apples start to ripen; and when the farmers are loading potatoes it ought to be a cinch for a good talker to "promote" a bushel or so along any country town team track.

Farmers used to plant the watermelon patch at a considerable distance from the house so that pollen from the cucumbers and squash vines in the kitchen garden would not get mixed in with the big green stripers. Furthermore, you can pick blackberries and raspberries along the fence-rows and clumps of elderberry bushes in almost every pasture. At least, you *could*—in the days before superhighways. Take a .22 along when you go berrying and perhaps you can knock over a groundhog. The young ones make a delicious potroast.

If you are braking on through freight on runs where you handle an occasional carload of poultry, you should carry a few packages of egg noodles in the caboose cupboard at all times. Usually the guy in charge of the chicken car will surreptitiously donate a fat fowl or two if you guarantee to invite him to the feast — and boiled chicken with plenty of noodles is easily cooked.

So far this little essay has dealt with foraging methods that are more or less legitimate. It is probably best to stay on the safe side, so we will not mention the quaint old boomer custom of knocking a hoop up on a whiskey barrel and driving a soapy nail through a stave,

The soap made the nail easy to withdraw and, if you happened to have provided a bucket, you could catch the resultant stream to be bottled for future reference. After that, a match plugged the hole up, and the hoop covered all signs of tampering when you drove it back in place again. However, in these decadent days, they don't ship barreled whiskey in less than carload lots; and railroaders don't drink—much.

And we will say nothing of the savage nature of old-time farmyard fowls when they got near a railroad right-of-way. Such birds have been known to attack unarmed brakemen rather viciously. The poor shack had no recourse but to kill the pugnacious Plymouth Rock in self-defense.

As I said, I used to work on the old Fort Wayne road. It ran through a little town called Lakeville, Ohio, where the Pennsy put up thousands of tons of ice every winter for the re-icing of refrigerator cars. The place had a telegraph office; also a couple of sidings, which were seldom used, as the switches were not controlled by interlocking.

I was braking partners with a lad named Kehoe who was a pretty good "promoter" himself. We had long harbored nefarious designs against a farmyard full of fat poultry, near the ice-houses and not more than a hundred yards or so from the track. It was a long time before we got a chance at them, but finally luck rewarded our patience. We picked up an order to pull in at Lakeville for a couple of manifest freights that were running on short time.

By pre-arrangement, we met about the middle of the train, jerked our lanterns out, and made for the chicken house. The night was just about perfect—no moon, a cloudy sky, and darker than the inside of a tunnel. Easing through the barbed wire of the right-of-way fence, we crossed a pasture field and crawled up to that chicken-house with all the caution of Apaches. Reaching the door, we cautiously pulled it open—and then suddenly all Bedlam broke loose!

Besides the chickens, that place sheltered about a dozen big gray geese and they cut loose with more din than a boiler factory. As we scudded across the pasture we heard a noise from the house like somebody stumbling downstairs. A voice shouted words that were not intended for a benediction, a screen door slammed, and then we hit that barbed-wire fence.

We got through it without leaving more than half of our clothes and tumbled down over the bank just as the unreasonable farmer cut loose at us from the front porch with both barrels of a shotgun. The old boy couldn't see us. He was just shooting at the noise we made, but he wasn't doing bad at that, for the charge whistled over our heads and a shower of duck shot hit the side of a boxcar like a shovelful of gravel.

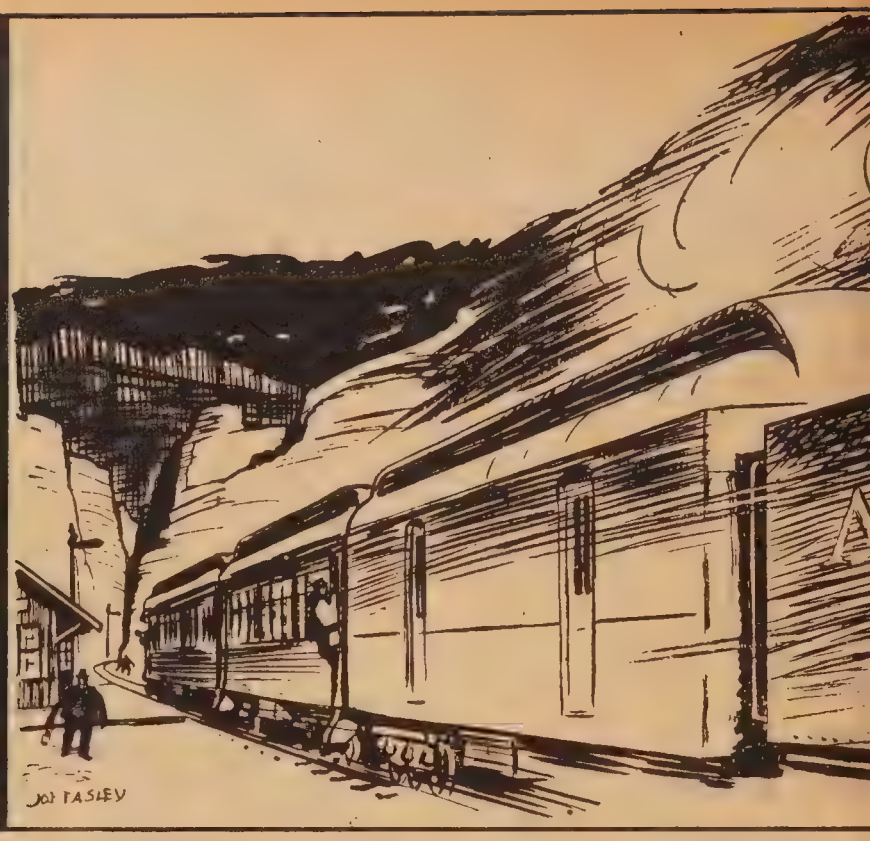
We barely had time to find and light our lanterns on the opposite side of the train when the irate chicken-owner came up and found us doctoring a phoney hotbox. Of course, we were entirely innocent of any evil intention. The attempted raid on his poultry yard must have been the work of unscrupulous hobos. We even helped him frisk the train in a vain effort to find them.

But even to this day I'm not entirely certain he swallowed our alibi. That wise old agriculturist had a funny look in his eye and he stayed with us until we pulled out. When I finally closed the switch and caught the little red caboose, he was stationed right by the switchstand, still nursing that shotgun. ●

OLD MOGUL MOUNTAIN

A RAILROAD CLASSIC

by HARRY BEDWELL



Hooking an arm through the window, Kirk lowered the boy

With His Headlight Defective and a Freight Extra Suddenly Blocking the Track, Red Kirk

RED KIRK was glad, of course, that his former hogger, Andy Sharp, had been promoted to the job of traveling engineer in a shake-up on the Anaconda Short Line, in the Rockies, but somehow he sensed trouble that gray October day at Westwater when he heard the new official's feet crunching the cinders along the siding.

Red withdrew the upper half of his considerable length from between the driving wheels under the alkali-streaked boiler of the 1118, a Consolidated type, and waited. From his very first day on the road, when he fired for Andy, Red had been looking to the bearded Scot for guidance. Now, as an engineer himself and with Andy's promotion, he felt like a stepchild.

Pretty soon he heard a muttering. "Flues and steam pipes leaking, Red, and she will likely run hot pins before you get her to the Junction. Is that what you were going to tell me?"

The answer came warily, "I don't have to tell you anything about this old mill."

Andy made a mental estimate of the tonnage in the string of the stock cars filled with bawling cattle. Then he glanced across the river at Mogul Mountain and the storm cloud that crowded above its ponderous head and he asked,

"Can she drag them over the grade?"

Red pondered, "I guess she'll stagger up with them."

"We will be all right when we get some new motive power and run the old kettles through the back shop," Andy said in a doctor's bedside manner.

"Mr. Stewart is a good superintendent, but he doesn't know everything yet about operating in the high country. He is a bit arbitrary with some things he can't understand."

"I see that," Red admitted.

"You have had some bad luck in the mountain and Stewart is getting fretful about it." The engineer held his breath as Andy went on: "When you smashed up the rear end of that freight he checked up on your record. He was blunt about what you found."

"But you know it wasn't my fault," Red cut in. "I couldn't check my train quick enough with the air I had."

"I know it's the condition of the equipment," Andy conceded. "Your air pump wouldn't keep up the brake-pipe pressure and you couldn't make a sudden stop when the tail lights of that extra showed up in your face. You didn't say so, but I'd guess the flagman wasn't back a car-length from his caboose."

"The old mountain was prodding me hard," Red stated.

"You are as careful as any," Andy agreed, "and quicker than most. I'd like to see you on the head end of an Anaconda train as long as I am traveling grunt, and much longer. But you've got to be more cautious. Stew-

from the gangway, swung him in a pendulum arc, and let go.

Headed the Brass-Collar Special Toward Disaster at High Speed

art expects us to run safe with the equipment we now have. He is in a hurry to clean up his division, and the big boss is right on his trail to see that he does it. You know that men are likely to make hasty decisions under pressure."

Red nodded. He suddenly became aware that only Andy's stubborn equility had stood between him and quick dismissel.

"I didn't know Stewart was taking it that way. If he will give me good engines I'll stay out of trouble. Right now what would you say might happen to this hunk of scrap before I get these cows up the hump?"

"Anything," said Andy. "So you'd better be extra careful till things get better."

THEY stared up at Mogul Mountain. The thundercloud clapped it like a restless turban. The ancient heap looked brutal under the spindrift, fretting darkly, waiting for a victim among the trains that crawled along its withered flanks. They had fought those grades and curves with caution, for Old Mogul was full of moods and deadly tricks. Andy, the canny Scot, had always avoided the quick snatches it made at him already, but Red had been snared twice. Some of the men they had known would never come off the mountain again.

The conductor signaled a highball from the rear end; his head brakeman walked forward to the switch. The cattle were still bellowing. Red pulled on a glove that was nearly as large as a cattle bag.

Under his hand the Consolidation took up her burden of livestock with grunts and snorts. Red was preoccupied with keeping the abused locomotive moving up the grade at schedule speed. She steamed like a hayburner. The fireman sweated and connived, but the side-rods churned listlessly.

The mountain slammed back the blast of the stack in spiteful snarls, protesting against the uproar of trains that disturbed its centuries of quiet meditation. A storm moved down the slopes. Raindrops spattered in Red's face and wiggled down his neck. Then the wind ripped through the mist and drove it over the ridges in gusty squalls.

Intent on his ailing locomotive, Red realized from a glance at his watch that the crafty mountain had stolen more of his time than he had reckoned. He was getting close on the schedule of the *Imperial Limited* coming west through the pass, and Superintendent Stewart in his present humor was sure to be drastic if anyone delayed the crack scenic train.

Red juggled his Johnson bar and throttle with impatient skill, but they rolled up to the west switch of Granite within less than ten minutes before the *Limited* was due. According to the rules, he should have been clear on the siding with that margin of time left.

As they slowed, the head brakeman swung down and plunged into the rain. He threw the switch. Then he continued up the main line to check the passenger train if it should show before the freight was in the siding.

Red moved the brake-valve handle back and nipped the throttle. The big Consolidation gave an unexpected surge, like an ill-tempered brute. Drawheads rumbled sullenly at the quick jerk. Defective brakes stuck somewhere in the train and wouldn't release.

As the freight hog snatched up the slack, a drawbar pulled out down toward the caboose and the train broke in two. Brakes slammed, and rain chuckled over the drawbar and the rods and bolts scattered along the ties between two cars of steers. The mountain leered through a gray veil of mist.

It took the enraged crew fifty minutes in the lashing rain to chain up. The proud *Imperial Limited,* blocked, stood by helplessly while her schedule was depreciated by just that much.

SOME TIME later the division superintendent, Mr. Stewart, studied Red Kirk and Andy Sharp across his broad oak desk.

"I think," he said with a tincture of iron, "you're trying to give the impression that the mountain is something more than heavy grades. It isn't," he stated flatly.

They both knew better, but you couldn't define in words a termless power. The super turned on Red.

"Mr. Sharp says you are a good engineer, but unfortunate. He has made a point of keeping you in a cab. On your record I would have fired you even before you stabbed the *Limited*, but because Mr. Sharp requests it, you may stay in service. You are his responsibility from now on, and you're both in serious trouble with your next accident. 'Unlucky' and 'unreliable' are the same to me when calamities pile up."

Like that. As definite as a semaphore and as final as the book of rules. Red opened his mouth, but the traveling engineer waved him down and took him from the ominous presence.

Outside, Red protested. "I'm not going to do it, Andy. You know that misery won't let me alone, and I'm not dealing you in on my bad luck."

"You just keep your eye peeled and be extra careful," Andy ordered.

Thereafter, Red Kirk ran his engine cautiously; and then one day John Hagan's special added its complications to the normal operations. Old H. H. Nickerson, president of the road, was now at the point in his struggle to maintain control of the Anaconda Short Line where he needed more revenue. His main prospect for new business was John Hagen. The Wall Street tycoon was opening up a copper mine located at a point about equidistant from the ASL rails and its competor, the Southwestern, and was going to build a stub line to connect with one or the other.

The Southwestern had always given a reasonable service, but Mr. Nickerson was only now bringing the Anaconda out of chaos into active competition, so the SW had an edge in bidding for the business, and a likely story besides. They said Mr. Nickerson could never make a competent property out of the battered Anaconda; the job was too tough for his age and resources.

Mr. Hagen had come West by special train over the Southwestern, and its officials had entertained and propositioned him. It was only by stubborn insistence that Nickerson prevailed upon the mine operator to withhold his decision and return East via the Anaconda and listen to his case.

President Nickerson had taken a house at Little Grande for the summer, and he arranged for Hagan and his party to break the trip East and stay with him a few days.

The special arrived and was parked, and Hagan moved in on Nickerson with his fifteen-year-old son Rodney, a secretary, and two friends. He was trying to spoil his motherless son. Would have succeeded, too, if Rodney hadn't been made of the stuff that doesn't spoil. Mr. Hagan fussed over the boy like an old maid aunt, seldom letting him out of sight. Rodney could have anything he wanted except freedom. But he was good-natured and adept at finding ways to evade his father's close supervision.

Hagan had already decided to build his stub to connect with the SW; and Nickerson was afraid, after the first day, that he couldn't talk fast enough to change the Easterner's mind. H. H. admitted to himself that he had to get that business to keep the Anaconda Short Line operating under his control.

Then suddenly young Rodney was missing. He was right there one minute, his father's shadow; then he couldn't be found. Hagan went wild. He "knew" the boy had been kidnapped.

For half an hour Nickerson led his railroad dicks and the Little Grande police in a galvanized hunt. He called out yard crews, and train and enginemen off duty, and anybody else on the company payroll not engaged at the moment in train operation.

By ten that night town and country had been searched inside and out. But they didn't find Rodney. Some men at the roundhouse thought they had seen him there but they hadn't had time to chaperone the kid.

AT MIDNIGHT, when H. H. had just about decided to ask the governor to call out the militia, and Mr. Hagan had wired for a crew of private detectives, Rodney walked into the house alone. The lad was all grease and smiles but had lost his hat. He said he'd been inspecting railroad equipment. But, as it might jeopardize some jobs if he stated exactly where, he wouldn't elaborate his one brief statement. He grinned and went to bed in a happy mood.

Mr. Hagan abruptly ordered his special train to be ready next day. He would do no business with Nickerson's railroad. H. H. then began searching for anything whatever that he could use to turn the tide of events in his direction. He prowled soft and watchful, like a scarred old cat from the rimrocks.

Red Kirk had been called for the Special, and Andy Sharp stood on the deck beside him as the young engineer eased Number 962 out of the roundhouse. Andy checked with his keen mind all the sounds and vibrations of the rebuilt locomotive while she rolled through the yard, grunted to a stop, and tied onto the Special that was parked beside the station. His hearing couldn't detect anything disturbing, but a finer sense of machinery warned him that they had missed something when they rebuilt the 962.

"She feels all right to me," Red declared.

Andy shook his head and muttered in his beard. He tried the injectors. His acute ear tested the throb of the air pump. He made a seven-pound reduction on the brake valve, and the air whistled with the hard sound of power obedient to check and hold a rambling passenger train.

"You'll have to show some speed," he warned, "when you get your run-

ning orders. Hagan is in a hurry to be gone from here, but H. H. is going along in hopes of changing the old fellow's mind, so handle them well. That damn kid did us an evil turn, and if he was mine I'd strap his backside."

"What" said Andy sharply.

"Like most kids," Red decided, "he's curious and crazy about engines. Same as I was at his age. That's why I'm a hogger now. Likely not much different from you at the same time of life."

The traveling grunt raised his steel-blue eyes to Red's face. "And how do you know that?"

"He was with me last night. I went down to Wind Hole with a light engine to help Number 79 in when her helper died, and the kid talked me into taking him along. He'd come to the roundhouse just to look at the engines and I got talking with him."

Andy twisted the valve handle over and back. Air screamed. "I've wondered often," he said darkly, "why your mother didn't drown you."

"But look, Andy, I thought I'd be helping H. H. out if I was good to the kid."

"So what does he do?" Andy brooded. "He causes Old Man Hagan to practically lose his mind. He kills our last chance of connecting up with Hagan's mines and hauling his copper."

Andy studied the boilerhead, filled with vague misgiving that the 962 wasn't in shape to function in all her parts. He walked to the gangway.

SUPERINTENDENT STEWART clomped down wooden stairs from the dispatcher's office and stopped in his tracks when he caught sight of a redhead at the cab window of the Special's engine. That carroty mop of hair was being tumbled by a thoughtful hand. Red was studying his schedule order.

Andy, moving along the platform, was halted by Mr. Stewart's icy glare. "Why was Kirk called for the Special?"

The traveling engineer held his ground. "Because Kirk was the best man available at the moment."

"I don't like it. You know he is on probation, and this run is important."

"If anything goes wrong," said Andy, "I'd like to have Red in the cab. He has sound judgment and skill in handling trains."

The superintendent snorted and strode up the platform to where the fussy Mr. Hagan and his party had assembled.

Harry Bedwell, one of whose stories is reprinted here, had a rare gift of self-expression. He wrote about railroading because that subject he knew best. Photo shows him as a Southern Pacific telegraph operator. Our next issue will carry another Bedwell yarn, "When There's Traffic to Move."

Young Rodney spied the redhead in the cab window and strolled over to him. Mr. Nickerson, alert as a hungry panther, observed and followed.

"Hi, Red!" Rodney called.

The engineer looked up from his orders and grinned. He climbed down, shook hands, and said, "How're you?"

"Look," said Rodney, "if they start anything with you for taking me along yesterday, let me know and I'll see if Dad won't square it. That was swell of you. Say, would you mind if I rode with you now?"

"Glad to have you," Red said. Then he saw Nickerson and swallowed hard a couple of times.

"I'll ask Dad," Rodney yipped, and turned and ran back along the train.

Nickerson hadn't missed much. "You two," he said with a bandsaw edge to his voice, "seem to be acquainted."

The situation was too tangled for Red. It might be another chance to make a big mistake. He replied, "Yes, sir."

"You get to know people readily."

"Yes, sir," again.

"If you are so amiable," H. H. Nickerson growled, "I wish you would stay with that child's parent and keep him placated while the son rides in the cab."

Red blinked. "Maybe his father won't let him ride in the cab."

"Oh, yes, he will," Nickerson said. "By the way, Rodney, wasn't by any chance out with you last night, was he?"

Red's ears turned pink. "Yes, sir."

Nickerson reflected and nodded. "Here he comes with his permission and his parent. It won't do any harm now to be nice to him."

The boy climbed to the engineer's seat and slid forward out of the way. Fascinated, he watched Red swing his train into its swift pace. His brown eyes glowed as the locomotive rocked and dipped to the rising speed. The high desert flowed by. The fireman's ringing shovel fed the hungry firebox and the 962 thundered with power.

Rodney took the slap of the dry wind in his face and braced himself to the plunge of the engine. He studied Red's great hands at work with levers and valves, and touched the throttle deferentially. At the beginning of the straight down-grade that led to the river Red moved aside and motioned Rodney to take his place.

"You drive her," he called as if addressing the road foreman.

Rodney scrambled eagerly onto the seat. The hogger stood at his shoulder and coached, and they swung at last into the Westwater yard and slowed and stopped at the water tank.

"Fine!" Red praised. "We hit the mountain here, and I'll have to take

her. But you'd make a good engineman."

Rodney choked and grinned.

SUNSET fired the high desert. Mogul Mountain, across the shining river, was powdered a faint blue, glowing in a smoky reverie. They spanned the river and at once the mountain began its slow drag on the power of the 962.

Daylight flared out in quick dusk and dark as the Special stormed up the twisting grades, and Red switched on the carbon headlight. It sputtered and winked. Then it flashed out. Red worked the tiny throttle for the dynamo and jammed it shut. The headlight bloomed into the vociferous night. But within the seconds it had faltered, he felt the mountain stir irritably.

The sturdy locomotive blasted her way up the incline. Miles of luminous track slid under the headlight beam like a ladder. Headlands and crags distorted themselves in the moving beam and drifted by. The rails squirmed at last into the slit of Imperial Pass, and the high walls flung the roar of their passing to the stars.

There the grades eased. Red drove the 962 harder to pick up lost minutes. It made him more vulnerable to the malice of the brooding mountain, but he had a sound engine and was confident. His whistle challenged the sulky Old Mogul.

Then beyond Solitude, a lone way station, the headlight fluttered and died again. That instant roaring darkness wheeled in and blotted out the track. Red closed the throttle. felt for a loose connection to the dynamo, and twisted the switch. The headlight danced to life again and laid its steady panel on the rails. But Andy's misgivings were not unwarranted. They had neglected an item when they overhauled the 962.

Meanwhile, freight extra 1142 was switching that night at Tumble Hill.

Tumble Hill yard followed the hollow crescent of the mountain wall, and the main stem from the west swept into it on a sharp curve, through a narrow and obscuring portal of rocks. Trains approaching from that direction had no view of the yard until they swam within its limits, and so a semaphore had been erected beyond the stone gateway outside the yard. When set, it was a caution to eastbound traffic that the main line through the town was obstructed and therefore to enter under full control.

Because extra 1142 was using the main line in its switching, Conductor Long had the semaphore set and, as an added precaution, he had two torpedoes placed farther along the track, two rail-lengths apart.

Trying to finish and be ready to follow the Special out, Mr. Long continued work until almost directly on her time. Then, after swift consultation, the engineer backed into the clear on a siding at the east end of the yard.

Mr. Long and his rear brakeman hiked briskly up the main line to the telegraph station near the west end, where the conductor turned in to learn whether or not the Special was on her schedule. If not, the dispatcher might give him time enough on her to finish his switching. His brakeman hurried on to clear the cautioning semaphore and to pick up the two torpedoes from the rails. The brakeman moved fast.

The night operator had learned from the dispatcher that the Special was on her schedule, and Mr. Long walked out onto the high freight platform. Here he could see the main line to the west, but that view was obscured to his engineer at the other end of the yard.

At that moment the conductor saw the flare of the Special's headlight close around the curve, and he caught the swift churn of her exhaust. She was coming fast!

In the uncertain light he saw the semaphore arm break and drop to clear, and then a lantern bobbed as his brakeman raced to pick up the torpedoes. The brakeman got the first one from the rail, but the Special was upon him before he could reach the second, and he had to step aside. The 962 exploded the torpedo's peremptory command to stop at once.

Then Mr. Long saw his brakeman's quick lantern signal to the Special's engineer to ignore the warning, and the platform, swinging his lantern in he himself gave a similar signal from a broad highball. He'd been careless in not having all clear. Now he was suddenly aware that the super would deal out punishment if anyone held up this pet train that had rights over all others.

He swung his lantern repeatedly, anxious that the Special should not slow into a delay. But there was no answering whistle. An instant after the torpedo crashed, the Special's headlight winked out.

ALL THE ELEMENTS of disaster were assembled now. Old Mogul stirred and sprang the trap that had been waiting there since the Anaconda Short Line threaded its ribbon of steel over these arbitrary heights.

The volley of the Special's exhaust died and her speed checked slightly. The hurrying darkness took on the swift clank of drivers and the pound of brass as she coasted blindly into the Tumble Hill yard.

At the throttle of the 962, Red Kirk had reached for the whistle lever to answer the reassuring signals of the two lanterns, when the darkness hit in an instant swoop as his headlight died.

Rodney was startled by the torpedo. He sprang upright from the seat and fell against Red. The engineer caught and steadied the lad in the narrow space between seat and boiler, and then pushed him back to the cushion.

Despite the confusion of bursting torpedo, nullifying lantern signals, and the sudden darkness in which the boy blundered and obstructed, Red got his feet under him in the obscure cab. He closed the throttle and his hand moved on to the dynamo of the headlight. He worked the switch and the tiny throttle. His fingers explored for that faulty connection as his train wheeled through the rock portal.

The freight extra's engineer didn't see the Special rounding into the yard, and there was no warning

whistle. But he did catch his conductor's repeated lantern signal tossed from the station platform. Without stopping to think, he took it as intended for him and to mean that the Special was behind its schedule, that the dispatcher had given them time to continue their work.

So the head brakeman, Jud Case, walked forward and opened the switch; and the engine, dragging a string of cars, moved out upon the main line, headed east. Neither engineer nor fireman nor brakeman saw the Special as it swung into the yard with blinded headlight.

For the seconds that took it past the station, the Special coasted swiftly while Red tried to bring the headlight to life. Halfway through the yard it fluttered and then blazed.

At the other end of the wedge of sudden light he saw the extra's engine with a cut of freight cars moving out onto the main line, blocking his way! He knew it was no illusion.

Red's big hands went through an irresistible routine. He blew a quick, hard blast of the whistle and flipped the brake valve to emergency. Air shrieked. Brakeshoes slammed and growled, and fire sprayed from the grumbling whels. The short train stumbled into a shuddering glide.

The engineer made a lightning snatch at Rodney. With his left arm hooked through the window frame and his right hand full of the boy's fine clothes, he lowered Rodney from the gangway, swung him in a pendulum arc, and let go. The fireman unloaded from the bottom step.

Red knew, as his train shivered in the grip of set brakes, that they wouldn't check it enough and he was coolly aware that the mountain had snared him again in one of its evil devices.

His sound reckoning of speed and distance told him the impetus was too great to be suppressed before they had plowed into the freight engine and boxcars swinging out onto the main line ahead.

A few brief moments added to the time allotted would be enough to avoid disaster. But you couldn't crowd more than sixty seconds into a minute, and the old mountain had combined time and space too compactly for him to escape a crash. He knew of no outside aid available in the remaining seconds to break up the combination or add to either of its elements.

BUT OLD MOGUL had overlooked one forestalling item in its malevolent trick. It had left Jud Case at the east switch stand to let the extra's engine, with its cut of cars, out onto the main line. Jud was old and wise in the brutal ways of the mountain, an obstinate man, demoted thrice in the soft days when the Anaconda's heirs managed the railroad from the resorts of Europe. That night he was head brakeman on the extra.

The quick blast of the Special's whistle and the abrupt flare of her headlight, which struck Jud through the gap between the cars rolling in front of him, flashed him an instant picture of the grim situation that Old Mogul had created. The wary instinct always lurks in mountain men prodded him in that exact split-second to check disaster.

Cinders spurted under his heel as he sprinted from the switch-stand and lunged back along the siding for two car-lengths. He turned then, slid between cars, ran with them, and shut the brake-pipe-line valve of the car ahead. After that he raised the coupling lever.

The cars behind, free of the engine's power, checked and lagged. This parted the hose at the coupling with an explosion of air and a slaw of brakes. The detached cars slid and stopped in the hold of iron shoes. Finally the rest moved on smoothly to the main line.

Jud signaled his engineer, "Hurry up," with a quick fling of the lantern.

That engineer, "Little Johnnie" Bruce, had read the signs and signals of disaster as the Special's headlight came to life. He knew instantly Jud's intent when he saw the brakeman's lantern streaking back along the rolling cars. At the flash of the lantern signal he pinched the throttle to the exact fraction to bring up speed at once. He swung the short string into an immediate swift pace.

Jud was back at the switch-stand again, just in case. Sure, the Special would likely go through the spring switch whether it was closed or not, unless the mountain hindered. But Old Mogul was in deadly temper tonight. Experienced men used all the wiles they could against such a mountain.

Jud stooped a little, watching for that first inch of clearance between switch-points and the last hurrying truck. He was undisturbed by the menacing growl of the Special, bound by her brakes, charging at diminishing speed. He didn't hear the extra's blasting exhaust flung into Old Mogul's rocky face, even as Little Johnnie ignored all else but the quick building up of his speed.

These two men coolly held to their hazardous tasks for explosive seconds. Nothing was in Jud's consciousness but wheels sliding over the switch-points in the dancing fire of the Special's headlight. Swiftly, when a slight gap came, he turned the handle and clamped it down into the notch where it belonged.

With all the shouting need for speed, Little Johnnie didn't spin the drivers. That hand tugging shrewdly at the throttle was trained to feel the exact point at which speed grew. He had the short string moving fast by the time they cleared the siding.

Red Kirk couldn't guess how fast Little Johnnie was rolling them, but he knew the Special had demolishing momentum when the drawhead of the 962 rammed the rear of the fleeing switch. The crash had the sound and feel of the mountain's savage power. The ebbing speed checked sharply. But Red could still feel the rails under the grunting wheels.

TRAIN AND ENGINE MEN draped over chairs arranged before the superintendent's desk moved and straightened as the last witness in the hearing on the Tumble Hill incident left the stand. Outside the fly-specked window they could see the hateful face of Old Mogul.

Mr. Stewart swiveled in his chair

and watched a westbound passenger sweep into the yard. Mr. Nickerson's private car was attached. He swung around to face the men.

"Kirk," he said, "I admire your cool courage, but it isn't enough. I'll have to keep my promise. You are fired!"

A hard blow, even though expected. And Red didn't think he had operated poorly at Tumble Hill.

"A bad combination hit Red all at once," Andy Sharp spoke harshly. "The Special had rights over all trains. That extra should have been in the clear. Red received two lantern signals that the main line was open to him. And that kid falling over in the cab didn't help him any."

"His first concern," Stewart intoned, "when his headlight went out, was to make an emergency stop." The hard mouth under the stiff mustache couldn't bend. "And I'll have to keep my word with you too, Andy. I said you'd be in trouble with Kirk's next accident. You can have your engine back but you are no longer traveling engineer."

Red voiced a protest, but Andy stopped him. The dour Scot's beard resembled a storm cloud.

"We can't work it out that way," he said flatly. "I told you I'd rather have Red in the cab if anything went wrong. He did a great job with death dancing on his pilot, and my judgment of him still stands. I can't go on with you in any capacity if we disagree that much—if you have to punish the courage he showed."

Red was on his feet. "Don't do that, Andy!" he called out.

Andy's stuff stride crossing the room confused the words, and his curt voice stopped them. "That'll be all, Red. We're going now."

THE DOOR opened. Mr. Stewart turned with harrassed impatience and then he rose to his feet. H. H. Nickerson stood there, gaunt and tired and beetle-browed.

"I hope I'm not intruding," the president said bleakly.

The superintendent forced a smile. "Of course not, Mr. Nickerson. We were just winding up the hearing on the Tumble Hill incident."

"Any decision on that will have to be withheld or revoked," the newcomer ruled, "until you hear what I have to say."

He crossed the room deliberately and sat in the witness chair.

"Mr. Hagan," he announced, "has decided to build the rails of his mine spur to connect with ours! But it was Rodney who brought this about by showing his father that in emergency our men acted promptly and for the safety of passengers."

Nickerson glanced at Red.

"You do get to know people readily," he remarked. "Rodney has asked and received my permission to ride in your cab at any time. Courageous, I should say, after you had once tossed him out. But you must have done that expertly, because all the damage done was that the boy's pants tore."

H. H. looked at his open-mouthed division superintendent.

"Stewart," he said, "neither of us ever tackled a mountain before and we all have things to learn." He spoke to Mr. Stewart. "There was some heady, heroic work done at Tumble Hill that night, as I ought to know, for which acknowledgements and rewards are due from the management. No one will be penalized. Meanwhile, let's get lined up to handle Mr. Hagan's copper-mining business as it comes along. We'll lick that mountain yet."

As if in answer to the president's words, a switching engine rumbled and clanked past the window, her great billowing smoke plume hiding for a moment the ominous and rugged face of Old Mogul Mountain. ●

Test Your Railroad Knowledge

HERE are 20 questions, some technical and some historical. Counting five credits for each correct answer, how much would you score?

1. Why is the Bangor & Aroostook's symbol BAR instead of B&A?
2. What is a continuous brake?
3. When did American railroads start to run excursion trains?
4. What is the flash wall of an oil-burning locomotive?
5. How often would an atomic-powered locomotive have to be refueled?
6. What kind of dry-land railroad employee is classified as a pilot?
7. One of the world's most magnificent private trains consists of three cars that haven't gone anywhere in 75 years but have not been retired. Explain.
8. Who invented the first gasoline-driven railway motor car?
9. How many feet per second are made by a train running 75 mph?
10. When were regularly-scheduled freight trains first operated by diesel-electric locomotives?
11. What is a rock gang?
12. Which was the world's first passenger railway?
13. If a train order should conflict with a timetable or with special instructions issued in the form of a bulletin, which governs?
14. When was the first Baldwin locomotive built?
15. From what source did George Westinghouse get his idea for the air brake he invented?
16. In what century was the first mine railroad operated?
17. What is a register cage?
18. Which was the world's first narrow-gage passenger railroad?
19. Define *refrigerator-car conductor.*
20. What is a steam-storage locomotive and under what conditions is it used? (*Answers on page* 74) ●

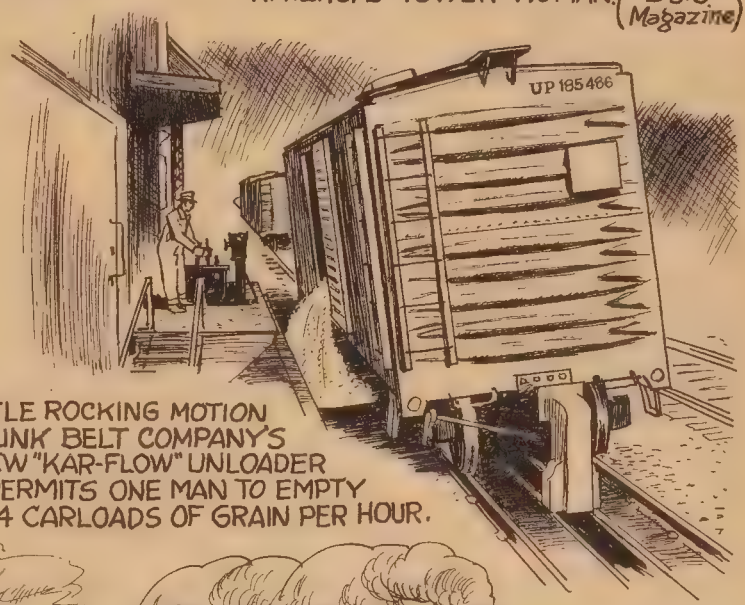
Along the Iron Pike

by Joe Easley

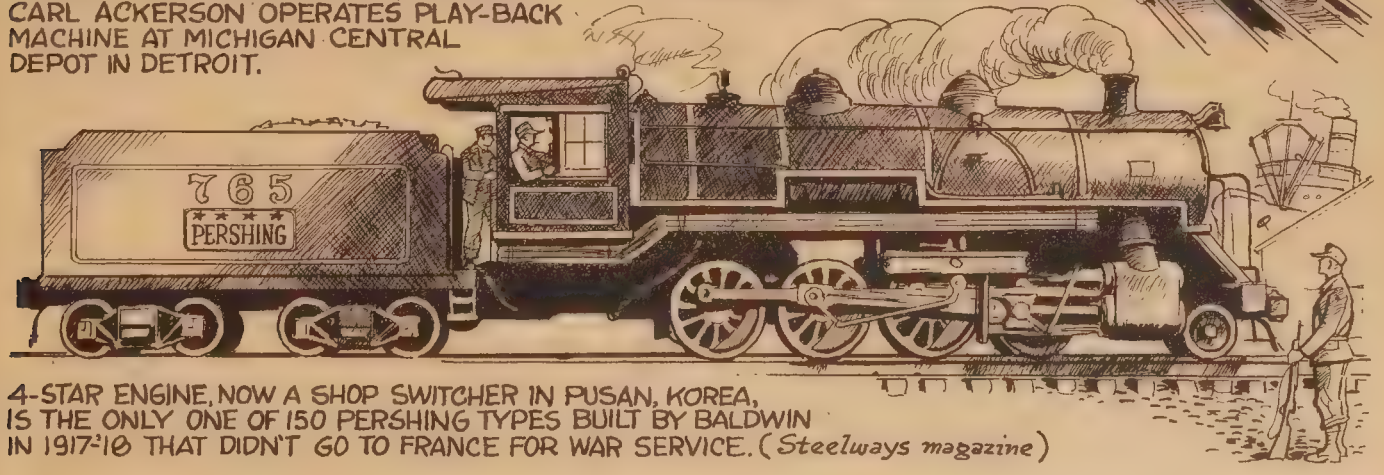
WORLD'S OLDEST ACTIVE LOCOMOTIVE? BUILT IN 1858 AT LEEDS, ENGLAND, THIS 0-6-0 SWITCHER WITH 4-WHEEL TENDER IS WORKING TODAY FOR SPANISH NATIONAL RR. AROUND BARCELONA DOCKS. (from recent photo by P.A. Butt.)

GERALDINE HOWELL PULLS SWITCHES FOR B&O AT McKINLEY AVE., WEST COLUMBUS, O. WE DO NOT KNOW OF ANY OTHER RAILROAD TOWER WOMAN. (B&O Magazine)

MODERN TRAIN ANNOUNCER IS DISK JOCKEY. NEW YORK CENTRAL GATEMAN CARL ACKERSON OPERATES PLAY-BACK MACHINE AT MICHIGAN CENTRAL DEPOT IN DETROIT.



GENTLE ROCKING MOTION OF LINK BELT COMPANY'S NEW "KAR-FLOW" UNLOADER PERMITS ONE MAN TO EMPTY 4 CARLOADS OF GRAIN PER HOUR.



4-STAR ENGINE, NOW A SHOP SWITCHER IN PUSAN, KOREA, IS THE ONLY ONE OF 150 PERSHING TYPES BUILT BY BALDWIN IN 1917-18 THAT DIDN'T GO TO FRANCE FOR WAR SERVICE. (Steelways magazine)

INFOR MATION

Gordon S. Crowell, 24 Morris Crescent, Yonkers, N. Y.

Nos. 205 and 207 of the Gainesville Midland's six 2-10-0's used on the 41-mile freight line between Athens and Gainesville, Ga.

BOOTH

ASK BARBARA: Railroad questions are answered here every issue by our research expert—as many as space permits. Top priority is given to subjects that seem to be of wide general interest. Address Miss Barbara Kreimer, *Railroad Magazine*, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. No replies will be sent by mail.

1

Question *Does the heaviest modern steam locomotive weigh more or less than a B-52 jet bomber?*

Answer More than twice as much. A B-52 jet bomber weighs 350,000 pounds. The Union Pacific's heaviest simple articulated type tips the scales at 772,250 pounds.

2 *Why did the Southern Pacific recently cut by 83 percent the quantity of "seashore" deposited on its rails by locomotive sanders? Isn't sand cheap,*

Not very. Before its recent cut, the SP spent about $450,000 a year buying, hauling, drying, and storing sand. Last year they also spent $500,000 to clean ballast that locomotive sand had fouled. Another reason for improving the track-sanding method was to reduce wheel slippage and the damage it causes.

3 *Define* automatic retarder.

It's a system whereby railroad car speed is measured and controlled by short track circuits. The Milwaukee Road, at its Air Line Yard in 1952, was the first company to install this device.

4 *When did railroad trains begin to use radio?*

We don't know for sure. The first permanent installation of a radio receiving set has been traced back to the Seaboard Air Line's office car, *Baltimore*, in June, 1924.

5 *Is there any way for railroads to prevent rock slides?*

Yes, by the use of bolts which anchor layers of rock or individual boulders to bedrock, preventing them from sliding or rolling. These bolts are usually 29/32 of an inch in diameter and from 2 to 10 feet in length. They are installed horizontally or at an angle.

6 *Did any early railroad have rails made entirely of wood?*

Yes, a few of them did. One of the most interesting was the two-mile narrow-gage Moosehead Lake Railroad that hauled lumber and supplies from Moosehead Lake to the Penobscot River in Maine. It was built in the 1850's with rails hewn from pine logs

What does this Northern Pacific picture show? We'll give you a clue. Ecene is Paradise, Montana. **(Answer on page 48.)**

and fastened to sleepers with juniper pegs. Its one and only car, 10 feet long, had wooden wheels cross-cut from pine logs and was powered by a huge Holstein ox. During the Civil War this quaint line was destroyed by a forest fire, and passed into oblivion without ever boasting a locomotive. The line had no connection with the present Belfast & Moosehead Lake.

7 *What is the significance of a white triangle on a Pennsy boxcar?*

It indicates that the cars are leased by the railroad from the Equitable Life Assurance Society, the owner.

8 *Who originated the slogan "Safety First," and when?*

In 1905 Dr. John Wesley LeSeur used it in an address given before a group of New York and New England surgeons. Many persons attributed the origin of the term to him. However, the April 14, 1882, issue of *Railroad Gazette* contains a news item to the effect that the New York & Northern Railroad was then using the slogan "Safety First—Then Speed."

9 *I want information on the New York subway system: How many miles of track and how many passenger cars?*

There are 228.71 miles of first track, 701.74 miles of running track, 115.92 miles of yard track, and 6,611 cars in use for revenue service.

10 (*a*) *What is the average weight of a diesel-electric road locomotive?* (*b*) *How many parts make up a 2,000-hp. diesel-electric locomotive?*

(a) We can't say. Weights range from 69 to 190 tons, mostly between 150 and 190. (b) About 70,000.

11 *Which was the first railroad in* (*a*) *Illinois?* (*b*) *Indiana?*

(a) The Northern Cross, which ran from Meredosia, on the Illinois River, through Jacksonville to Springfield, the capital, Abe Lincoln's home town. The line was completed to that point in 1842. It later became a part of the Wabash System. (b) The Madison & Indianapolis, chartered Jan. 27, 1836, and opened for traffic between Madison and Graham's Ford Bridge, 17 miles, April 1, 1839. It is now part of the Pennsy.

12 *A history of the Richmond & Danville Railway, please.*

Last June marked the 100th anniversary of the completion of this line from Richmond to Danville, Va. The fledgling road (authorized by the Virginia State Assembly in 1847) had suffered serious reverses even before its completion—such catastrophes as the collision of two locomotives, the destruction of several others in an enginehouse fire, and the wreck of two passenger trains which caused the collapse of the Richmond station.

Nonetheless, on the memorable June day in 1856, President Whitmell P. Tunstall addressed a crowd of 5,000 and outlined elaborate plans for the line. He visualized a road linking Virginia with the Carolinas.

During the Civil War the Confederate Government authorized the building of the Piedmont Railroad from Danville to Greensboro, N. C., (which was controlled by the R&D). Following the war, the line affiliated

Exterior view of Santa Fe observation car before rounded end was removed so that car could be operated in center of the train. Remodeling was done at Pullman's Calumet shop.

Pullman-Standard Company

Exterior view of same car after remodeling. Application of face plate and diaphragm resulted in "squaring up" the end with no change in capacity or length of observation lounge.

with the Richmond Terminal Co. and expanded to include by lease or purchase roads in North and South Carolina, Tennessee, and Georgia, thus forming the major portion of the Southern Railway when it was first organized in 1894.

13 *How many railroad companies are there in the U.S.A.?*

Latest available figures show 651 operating companies, of which 439 are line-haul roads, 212 switching and terminal companies.

14 *Furnish a list of railroad fiction stories and authors.*

Space does not permit. Ask your local librarian. Lengthy lists of titles and authors of rail-fiction books appeared in our February and May '37 issues.

15 *Tell me something about the lettering painted on boxcars.*

Every car must carry "reporting marks" which can be understood at a glance. Wherever practicable, they conform to the owning company's initials. If the car is owned by a private company or by the Government, the letter X follows the reporting marks.

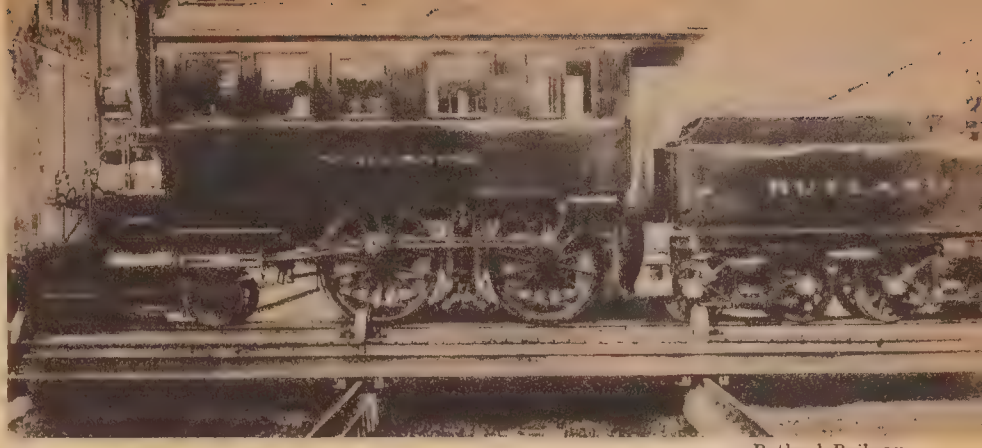
CAPY stands for capacity, followed by the number of pounds. LD and LMT signify load limit, expressed in pounds. LT and WT mean light weight, and are followed by the actual weight in pounds of the empty car. The month and year in which the car was built are shown after initials NEW or BLT.

EXW denotes the extreme width. H on the same line indicates the extreme height, measured from top of rail to extreme projecting height. EW denotes eaves width. IL means inside length; IW, inside width; IH, inside height. CU FT indicates the capacity of the car in cubic feet.

16 *How many miles of American trackage are equipped with (a) centralized traffic control and (b) automatic block signals?*

(a) 2,900. (b) 112,000.

17 *(a) Is milk classed as freight? (b) When did railroads begin hauling it by the carload?*



Rutland Railway

Rutland inspection engine, *Ne-Ha-Se-Ne*, a pony class, 4-4-0, weighing 78,700 pounds, build in 1896 by Schenectady Locomotive Works, and scrapped in 1935

(a) Not exactly. A milk car is a passenger-train car. On the other hand, every section of a circus train is handled as freight, even though it may consist of coaches carrying only personnel. (b) The first shipment on record went to Boston in April, 1838, over the Boston & Worcester, now part of the New York Central.

18 *Can you furnish details on the Rutland Railroad inspection engine,* Ne-Ha-Se-Ne?

Yes, indeed. She was a pony class, 4-4-0, 50 feet and 5 inches long, and weighed 8,700 pounds; built by Schenectady Locomotive Works in 1896 at an estimated cost of $12,000, and scrapped in 1935. Such celebrities as Admiral Dewey and President Theodore Roosevelt rode on her.

19 *Define* thousand-miler.

A black sateen or blue percale work shirt that used to be worn by trainmen, especially boomers, and got that name because they were expected to last for 1,000 miles of travel between washings.

20 *How many freight cars do Canada's railways own?*

More than 180,000—one for every 86 residents of the Dominion.

21 *Your Oct. '55 department referred to the Fort Worth & Denver, which, "under Texas law, retains its identity, operating 902 miles between Forth Worth, Tex., and Sixela, N.M." Can you quote this law?*

Glad to oblige. Article 10, Section 3, of the Texas State Constitution provides: "Every railroad or other corporation, organized or doing business in this state under the laws or authority thereof, shall have and maintain a public office or place in this state . . ."

Section 6 of the same Article states: "No railroad company organized under the laws of this state shall consolidate by private or judicial sale or otherwise with any railroad company organized under the laws of any other state or of the United States."

Article 6260 of the Revised Statues provides: "No corporation, except one chartered under the laws of Texas, shall be authorized or permitted to construct, build, operate, acquire, own or maintain any railways within this state."

22 *What do the initials* OH *on a steel rail refer to?*

Open Hearth—a well-known process of manufacture.

23 *How fast is the diselization of U.S. railroads increasing?*

Since the end of World War II, the roads have increased their diesel-electric locomotive fleet from 3,600 units to more than 25,000. According to latest available figures, diesel-electrics are performing 85 percent of all freight service, based on locomotive-miles, 88 percent of all passenger service, based on passenger train-miles, and 91 percent of all switching service, based on locomotive-hours.

24 *What is a Class I railroad?*

Any road with an annual operating revenue of $3,000,000 or more.

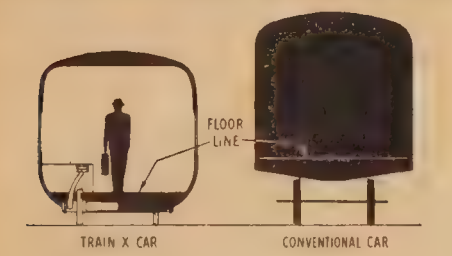
A nostalgic reminder of the days when the Southern (now fully dieselized) was proud of its steam power. No. 48

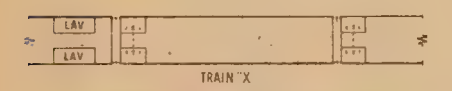
Southern Railway System

wheels the Art Lewis Shows, a gaudy string of red-and-gold cars, across the James River en route to Lynchburg, Va.

New York Central Railroad

New York Central's new rail-hugging, lightweight, glamour-coach *X-plorer*, now in Cleveland-Cincinnati service, materializes Robert Young's dream of a radical departure in train design. Its vest-pocket size locomotive poses beside a standard GM diesel. Built by Baldwin-Lima-Hamilton, No. 20 boasts 1,000 hp. and 120 mph. top speed, although she is only 11 feet tall, 58¾ feet long. Standard diesels are 15 feet high, 80 long. The cars, latest word in beauty and comfort, were designed and built by Pullman-Standard of a new aluminum alloy like that used on jet planes. Cross-section diagram compares sizes of *X-plorer* coaches and conventional.





25 *Was the Tallahassee & St. Marks Florida's first railroad?*

It was the first one chartered in that state, but a long-forgotten road between Port St. Joe and Lake Wimico, (8 miles long) was the first rail line actually built in Florida. The latter had wooden rails topped with strap-iron. Its steam locomotive, one of the earliest in the country, was of the walking-beam type. Passengers rode on flatcars with benches.

26 *Define* railroad gage.

The distance between the parallel rails of a track. The gage-line is measured at a point ⅝ of an inch below the rail tread.

27 (*a*) *Which railroad has the longest stretch of straight track west of the Mississippi River?* (*b*) *Which state east of the Mississippi has the most railroad mileage?*

(a) The Rock Island, 72 miles between Guymon, Okla., and Dalhart, Texas. (b) Illinois, with 11,385.

28 *When did railroad-building reach its peak in the U.S.A.?*

In 1886, when 12,879 miles of lines were built—enough to span the continent four times between New York and San Francisco.

29 *How many steam locomotives is the Pennsy still operating?*

The road's 1956 report showed 683 freight-haulers, 112 passenger engines, and 44 switchers (total 839), but this impressive number is dwindling as oldtimers are being scrapped with no steam replacements. Total steam listed in '55 report, 1,178.

30 (*a*) *What is the average freight revenue per ton-mile for Class I railroads?* (*b*) *The average revenue per passenger mile?*

(a) The 1955 average was 1.37

cents, compared with 1.42 cents in 1954, and 1.47 in 1953. (b) In 1955 it was 2.603 cents, compared with 2.62 cents in 1954.

31 *Which countries have the heaviest railroad passenger traffic?*

Soviet Russia, Japan, and India. (Incidentally, Joe Shannon of Minneapolis tells us that we should have included Iceland in our June list of railroadless countries. Joe is right.)

32 *What is* contraband baggage?

Articles that are improperly represented as baggage.

33 (*a*) *How many route-miles of track does the U.S.A. have?* (*b*) *How many miles of all track?* (*c*) *How many route-miles of narrow-gage?* (*d*) *How many railroad route-miles are there in South America?*

(a) 21,098. (b) 392,735. Texas heads the parade of states with 15,355 route-miles. (c) 355, all three-foot gage. (d) About 67,000, which is 8½ percent of the world's total.

34 (*a*) *Does the Delaware & Hudson have any steam locomotives left?* (*b*) *How many diesels does D&H own?*

(a) No. (b) 179, of which 164 are in active service.

35 *Why is it that a large percentage of British locomotives are not equipped with headlights?*

Because most of the tracks are fenced in to the point where it is almost impossible for people or animals to cross the right-of-way.

36 *How many men are employed in the U.S.A. to keep railroad rolling stock, including engines, in repair?*

About 275,000.

37 (*a*) *Do many railroads offer "piggy-back" service?* (*b*) *How are they making out with such business?*

(a) Yes. At least 32 of all those in the United States and two in Canada provide regular trailer-on-flatcar service. Other lines are making preparations to do so. (b) A recent *Railway Age* headline says, "Piggybacking Takes A Nose Dive." The 6 percent rise in railroad freight rates, effective March 7, sent many rate-conscious shippers back to straight highway transportation. "We chopped off our own heads," a rail spokesman said glumly, referring to the rate increase. However, the trucking interests are now boosting their rates, too, which is likely to lift railroad piggybacking out of its recent slump.

38 *What percentage of the total operating revenues in U.S. railroads comes from* (*a*) *freight, and* (*b*) *passenger service?*

(a) 84.5. (b) 7.4. The rest is divided as follows: mail, 2.8; express 1.2; miscellaneous (such as rental from real estate, etc.), 4.1. Incidentally, about 12½ percent of the passenger revenue is derived from commuter traffic.

39 *Which was the first railroad to connect Lake Michigan and the Ohio River?*

The New Albany & Salem (now Monon), which completed its line from New Albany to Michigan City, Ind., on June 24, 1854.

40 *Where can I get information about railroad movies?*

That depends upon what you want to know. A *Railroad Film Directory*, listing and briefly describing some 250 films, is issued by the Association of American Railroads, Transportation Bldg., Washington 6, D.C. Many of the motion pictures listed are available on a free loan basis for showing in schools, clubs, churches, etc. Others are for sale or hire. Anyone interested in group showings of rail or travel films may get a copy of the *Directory* free from the AAR.

41 *Are highway-railway grade crossing accidents increasing or decreasing?*

Increasing; 1955 showed a rise of 12 percent in fatalities and 17 percent in non-fatal injuries as compared with 1954.

42 *Define* railroad navy.

Floating equipment owned and operated by railroad companies. This includes, in U.S.A., a total of 1,696 steamships, steamboats, tugboats, ferries, car floats, lighters, scows, hoisting derricks, etc.

43 *How did* C.O.D. *originate?*

The Association of American Railroads traces it back to 1841, when a shipper of certain goods by rail asked an express company to "collect on delivery."

44 *What is a* possum belly?

A locker placed under cabooses and work-train cars for the storing of tools, rerailers, spare parts, etc.

45 *In trackwork, what is meant by the word* skeletonizing?

Removal of ballast between ties for cleaning or renewal.

Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad
America's highest tunnel, at Tennessee Pass, Colo., 10,242 ft. above sea level, carries D&RGW over Continental Divide.

Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad

Today and yesterday on the Lackawanna: a gas-powered section car and a hand-car in 1850 on old-time six-foot-gage track.

46 *Give me a brief rundown on the Japanese railway system.*

Japan's first railroad, put into service in 1872, extended 18 miles between Tokyo and Yokohama. The present Japanese National Railways is the country's largest corporation, operating 12,500 miles on the four major islands and employing 450,000 persons. The system is narrow-gage.

Rolling stock consists of 5,474 locomotives (mostly steam), 15,000 passenger-train cars, and 106,000 freight cars, including about 3,000 refrigerator cars. The system has 48,186 bridges and 2,688 tunnels — several hundred more than in the United States. The longest tunnel is the Shimizu, 31,831 feet long.

47 *How many retired employes are receiving payments under the Railroad Retirement Act?*

The number varies from day to day. Latest available report says 317,300, plus 322,700 dependents.

48 *Is the Chicago & North Western's road freight and passenger service fully dieselized?*

Yes, effective May 11, this year. As we go to press, C&NW still has a few steam engines in yard and switching service on its northern lines.

49 *What was the first passenger railroad in the United States?*

The Baltimore & Ohio.

50 *How many steam locomotives are still in operation in countries outside the United States?*

Nobody has the exact figure, but it is well over 100,000.

51 *What happened to the Denver & Rio Grande Western narrow-gage ten-wheelers* 168 *and* 169?

Both are being preserved. No. 168 was given to the city of Colorado Springs, Colo., in 1938, and No. 169 to Alamosa, Colo., in 1941.

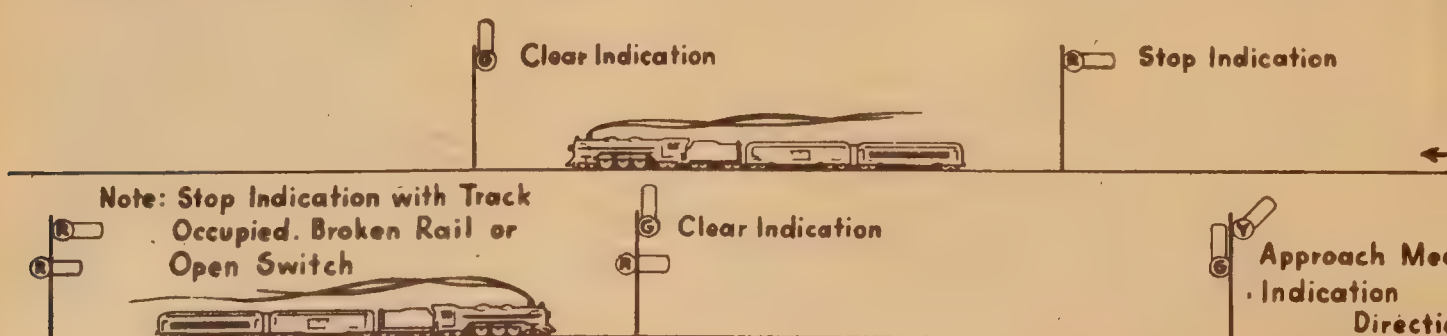
52 *I am a retired Canadian Pacific section man. If I should die first, will my wife get a pension?*

Yes. If you retired under the rules in effect prior to Jan. 1, 1953, she would be given a survivor allowance until age 70. A revision of rules covers only pensioners who die after Feb. 1, 1956. Proof of age and a marriage certificate are essential.

53 (*a*) *How many U.S. passenger trains are known to the public by name rather than by number?* (*b*) *How long is the average passenger-train trip in this country?*

(a) About 650. (b) About 67 miles. Average for suburban and commuter travel, 19 miles; average non-suburban rail journey, 129 miles.

54 *Full-page picture of Abraham Lincoln in the August* Railroad Magazine *prompts me to ask: What happened to the B&O locomotive that pulled Lincoln's inaugural train?*



You mean, of course, the *William Mason,* which was built in 1856 by William Mason of Taunton, Mass. This famous oldtimer is now stored in the B&O Transportation Museum at Baltimore, Md. Walt Disney borrowed her and took her to Georgia to play the engine *General* in his latest movie, *The Great Locomotive Chase,* a feature-length Technicolor production. The original *General* was not used for the film because, although still extant, she is not in operable condition.

55 *How many railroad freight stations are there in (a) the United States, and (b) Canada?*

(a) 56,706. (b) 8,848.

56 *When was the Illinois Central Railroad founded?*

The first charter to a company which later became a part of the IC System was issued by the State of Louisiana on March 25, 1831, to the West Feliciana Railroad Company.

57 *(a) How many railroad employees are there in the U.S.A.? (b) What percentage of these are women?*

(a) Latest available figures show an average of 1,056,000, including seasonal workers. (b) About 5½.

58 *Please print the block signal rules definitions.*

Block system—A series of consecutive blocks.

Manual block system—A series of consecutive blocks, governed by block signals operated manually, upon information by telegraph, telephone, or other means of communication.

Controlled manual block system—A series of consecutive blocks governed by block signals, controlled by continuous track circuits, operated manually upon information by telegraph, telephone or other means of communication, and so constructed as to require the co-operation of the signalmen at both ends of the block to display a clear or a permissive block signal.

Automatic block system—A series of consecutive blocks governed by block signals operated by electric, pneumatic or other agency actuated by a train, or by certain conditions affecting the use of a block.

Interlocking — An arrangement of switch, lock, and/or signal appliances so interconnected that their movements must succeed each other in a pre-determined order.

Block station—A place from which block signals are operated.

Interlocking station—A place from which an interlocking plant is operated.

Block—A length of track of defined limits, the use of which by trains is governed by block signals.

Interlocking plant—An assemblage of switch, lock and/or signal appliances, interlocked.

Fixed signal—A signal of fixed location indicating a condition affecting the movement of a train.

Block signal—A fixed signal at the entrance of a block to govern trains entering and using that block.

Interlocking signals—The fixed signals of an interlocking plant.

Home signal—A fixed signal at the entrance of a route or block to govern trains entering and using said route or block.

Distant signal—A fixed signal used in connection with one or more signals to govern the approach thereto.

Dwarf signal—A low home signal.

Semaphore telephone train-order signal—Arm attached to pole below block signal.

Color light telephone train-order signal—Lower unit attached to pole below upper unit and staggered to the right.

Grade signal—Designated by a 15-inch circular yellow disc located on the signal mast.

Stop and proceed signal—Designated by number plate.

Stop signal—Designated by absence of number plate.

Medium speed — One-half maximum authorized speed at point involved, but not to exceed 30 mph unless otherwise provided.

Slow speed—15 miles per hour unless otherwise provided.

Restricted speed—Proceed prepared to stop short of train, obstruction, or anything that may require the speed of a train to be reduced.

Absolute block—A block which may be occupied by but one train at a time.

Permissive block — A block which may be occupied by two or more trains at the same time.

Clear block—A block not occupied by a train.

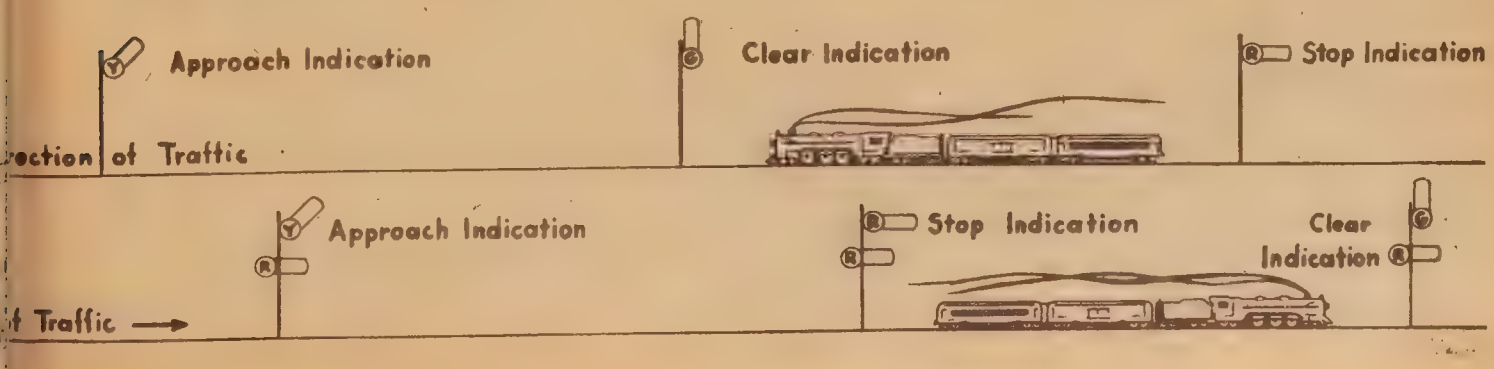
Southern Pacific Railroad

Radio-equipped snow-caterpillar speeds winter maintenance on Southern Pacific lines in Sierras. Lineman stands on roof repairing breaks and damage in circuits.

59 *How many railroad tunnels are there in the United States? (b) Which has the highest elevation? (c) Did your June '56 cover show a fictionized tunnel?*

(a) About 1,500, with an aggregate length of nearly 320 miles. (b) The one at Tennessee Pass in Colorado. It is 10,242 feet above sea level and carries the Denver & Rio Grande Western across the Continental Divide. (c) No. It showed a Colorado

(Below) The diagram shown operation of the railroad signal equipment.



Springs & Cripple Creek District eastbound freight, powered by engine No. 5 emerging from Tunnel No. 9 near Clyde, Colo. It was painted by Richard Ward for Morris Cafky's new book, *Rails Around Gold Hill,* which we understand has already been sold out. Mr. Ward is now painting an old-time winter railroad scene for us. We hope he will finish it in time for our February cover.

60 *A railfanette asks: How long does it take to get a job as train hostess, after you have qualified?*

The time varies. You may be given a run almost immediately or, like Miss Alice Upchurch, a GM&O train hostess, you may be kept on the waiting list for two years before being put to work. Our August issued named all the American railroads that employ train hostesses, train stewardesses, and train nurses.

61 *When did Colorado reach its peak in narrow-gage mileage?*

In 1890, when the state's narrow-gage railroad mileage was 1581. This figure does not include trolley lines nor the D&RGW's three-rail trackage in New Mexico. The last ten years of the 19th century has been called the "Narrow-Gage Nineties," because that was the peak decade.

RUNNING EXTRA

WRECKS. "Who can supply details on the Coup & Barnum circus-train smashup between Indiana, Pa., and Blairsville, Pa., (not Blairstown, as stated in '100 Years of Circus Trains,' April issue)," writes Pat Fogerty, Box 393, Greensburg, Pa. "I want information also on the circus-train wreck on a Pennsy branch line running from Cresson to Ebensburg, Pa., around 1900. I remember my uncle going out with others to shoot big cats that had escaped."

P. BRETZ, Park Trail, Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y., matches the item we ran about the police department of Corvallis, Ore., being housed in a former railroad station. He says the top part of the abandoned Heathcote station on the old New York, Westchester & Boston is being used by the local police of that community.

WHO can tell Floyd J. Mattice, 2129 19th St., N. Arlington, Va., about a disaster on the old Chicago & Atlantic (now the Erie) at State Line Ditch, Ind., that happened about 1886, and was known as the Kouts wreck?

L. D. MOORE, JR., 2102 Parker Ave., Portsmouth, Va., seeks information on a group of Consolidated locomotives built by the U.S. Army around 1943. These were not the European-style engines for overseas duty, but were built on the American order with feed-water heater on their smokeboxes. He's interested in their present whereabouts and specifications.

A SOUTHERN PACIFIC man, Maurice Powell, Box 3063, Temescal Sta., Oakland, Calif., answers a question that came up in the June issue about saddle-tankers being used by the Howard Terminal in Oakland. He says the Terminal scrapped one of two. The one remaining is being overhauled and will be kept in stand-by service to supplement the small diesel now in use.

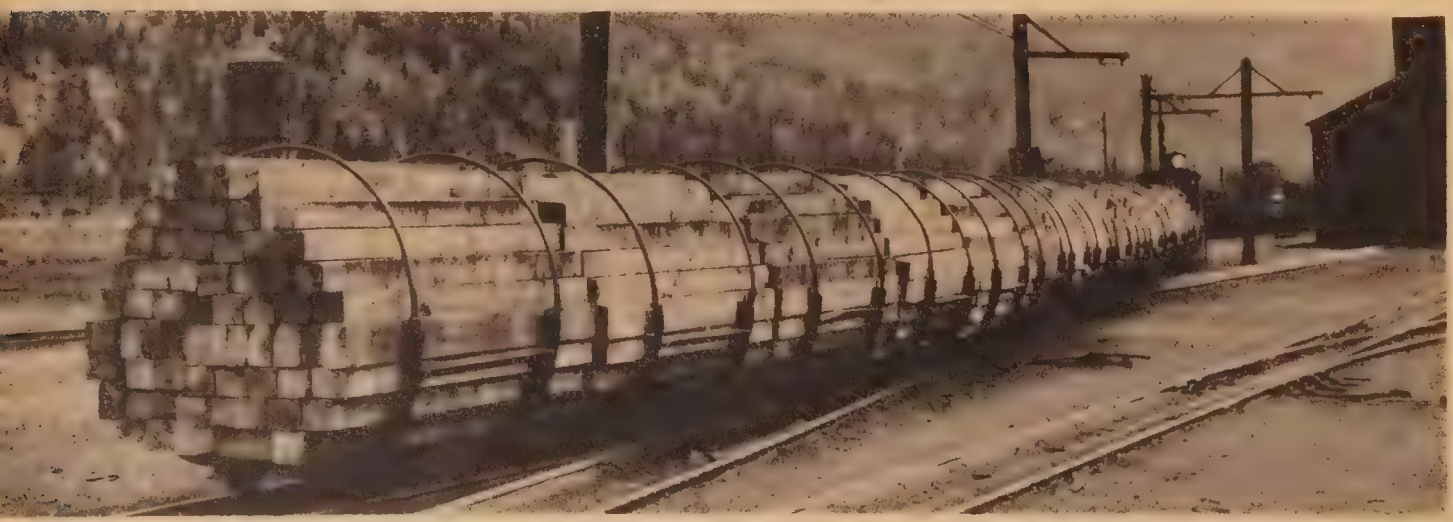
E. M. LEWIS, civil engineer, C&NW, comments on a reader's query by stating that the distance from freight-car floor to top rail varies from 42 inches for automobile cars to 48 inches on reefers. This measurement is not governed by law.

SOUND RECORDINGS of locomotives, trains, and interurbans may be obtained from William A. Steventon, Railroad Record Club, Hawkins, Wis.

ANSWERING the reader who saw *CA&S* on an old boxcar: "Those initials stand for Chicago, Attica & Southern, which was never classed as a standard railroad," writes J. Woltman, gen. chairman, ORT Div. 39, Box 52, New Buffalo, Mich.

OUR list of U.S. International railroad tunnels (Aug. issue) should have included the Grand Trunk-Canadian bore under the St. Clair River between Port Huron, Mich., and Sarnia, Ont., reports C. W. Doerr, Pittsburgh, Pa.

PHOTO on page 39—supplied by the American Forest Products Industries, Washington, D.C. — shows the metal framework of narrow-gage tram cars which haul ties to and from the Northern Pacific's tie-treating plant at Paradise, Montana. Each car holds 50 ties, as pictured below. ●



We roar through town at 80 miles per hour and everybody's down at the depot to see the Limited and Billy Ames.

You May Not Be the World's Best Pig-Mauler, but There's One Way of Traveling a Million Miles at the Throttle, Even if You Are

COLOR-BLIND

by DAVE MARTIN

THE PIG-MAULER shoves his throttle in hard, yanks his Johnson bar, and wails a call for brakes that wakes up the hills. The string of boxcars is racing downgrade, headed for a water tower.

That whistle sure gets action. You should see the brakemen when they hear it. The end man shoots outa the caboose cupola so fast you'd think he had dynamite in his pants and races over the reeling car roofs. The head shack tears back over the tender-tank like he's heard his mother-in-law was coming to stay for the summer. He shins up a side ladder and hotfoots it along the running boards.

Both of 'em buck the wind and start twisting brakes. When the string finally jerks to a stop, darned if the old kettle ain't a good ten car-lengths ahead of the leaky water tower. Something's bound to pop now, you watch.

Out of the window of the wooden cab pokes the head of the irate hogger. "Say, whatsa matter with you pinheads?" he bellows. "Cancha set a few brakes the same day I blow the whistle?"

"Did you ever try blowin' your whistle the same day you wanna stop?" wisecracks one of the brakemen, on a car roof. "Whatcha expect, highballin' twenty-five loads down that hump at thirty miles an hour? Think we're a couple steam winches?"

The hogger scratches his mop of gray hair. "What'll we do now?"

The reply is far from respectful.

"Next time you make a bum stop we'll back the water tower to you—in an eye-dropper."

Then everybody laughs and begins kicking off brake-dogs. Yeah, in those days even the engine had a brake-wheel. It wasn't yesterday. The incident occurred when I was a scrawny little runt of ten. I am seventy-three now, but I can still remember—Oh, how clearly!—that old diamond-stacked Rogers mill snorting back and forth in a determined effort to get her mouth under a water spot for her daily drink.

The act was repeated again and again—until some smart engineer discovered what to do in such cases. He made a point of stopping a few car-lengths back of the water tower, and then filled her up.

Long ago, whenever I heard the local's one long whistle blast for our town, I would start running as fast as my skinny legs could travel. It seemed that the train couldn't roll in and out of Woodbury without me being on hand to oversee things. We'd meet at the water tank.

To me, that sooty, greasy, wheezy engine was the marvel of all creation. I gawked at her till I knew every bolt in her rusty, battered jacket.

And that day of days when the eagle-eye let me climb up into the cab, Heaven came right down to earth. Perching myself in front of the fireman, I looked and listened, and I guess my eyes were shining.

EVEN after all these years I can still see Mr. Brock's homely, honest face and his nose with a red plum on the end and his beard like General Grant's, only streaked with tobacco juice. That man was a king. The cab was his court and the seat-box his throne. He told me all about steam gages, water glasses, gage cocks, injectors, and blowers. Of course, it was too much for a ten-year-old to absorb in a single lesson, but I paid him so much mind that he asked:

"Sonny, are you aimin' to be a railroader when you grow up?"

"Yes, sir," I said in an awed voice, "and I'll run an engine 'zactly like this one." Then, in a surge of boyish eagerness: "Gee, Mr. Brock, I've got a three-bladed jack-knife. I'll give it to you if you let me blow the whistle just once."

I never did get to blow it, but I rang the bell of the old Rogers, and I kept my jack-knife, too, and I rode in the cab while we kicked an Erie boxcar onto a siding.

My heart faltered when I climbed down from the engine. Two short whistle blasts and she was off. I watched the train with misty eyes until the little red caboose bobbed around a curve behind the Methodist church.

For a long time after that I was a hero to every kid in town, a superior being, because I knew all about engines. They would tell each other, "Billy Ames rode in the engine," and "Billy Ames rung the bell," and "Billy Ames is fixin' to be an engineer when's a man."

And that wasn't all. We'd sit on a tie-pile beside the shanty where the hand-car was kept and we'd talk about the railroad. A ring of kids gathered around me, their eyes bugged out like hickory nuts on a limb.

"Fellers," I'd brag, "I'm gonna be the best engineer in the world. You watch. I'll run the biggest and strongest engine and I'll run her at night, pitch black, and in storms, too, 'cause the mail and the passengers have got to get through. Me, I'm sittin' up in the cab like this."

I would show them just how engineers sit and act, and I would tell them:

"Kids, this is the Fast Mail and I'm drivin' her right on the dot. My throttle's wide open and the wheels are a-turnin' like lightnin'—sixty—seventy—eighty miles an hour! Headlight's stabbin' a white hole in the dark. I'm leanin' out the cab winder with eyes on the track ahead. We thunder over crossin's and flash past signal lights—zip, zip, zip! We roar through towns without slackenin' speed and the whistle is screamin' like a lost soul."

By this time every lad was swaying and lurching right up there in the cab with me. And I went on:

"Wind's cuttin' my face like a whip, but I gotta keep goin'. There's a thousand passengers ridin' the plush back in the coaches and Pullmans and every one of them is trustin' the engineer."

Then a wise guy, "Fatty" Robinson, pipes up: "How about the fireman, Billy? He looks out the winder, too, don't he?"

But I shut him up. "The tallowpot shovels coal," I said. "He ain't got time to look at the scenery." And after that I say: "Even my whistle will be different, so that when I cut loose with a *whoo-oo—whoo-oo* the folks will say, 'Here comes Billy Ames.'"

Yep, the railroad bug bit me pretty deep. I would race along the dirt road trailing a rope till I was as skinny as a beanpole, making believe I was the engine as well as the hogger on a fast freight. The rope was my string of rattlers and the knot tied in its end represented the caboose.

Neighbors began to make cracks about the Ames boy being one flag-stop from the nuthouse. But I should care! Some day they'd look up to me proudly as I stormed through Woodbury on the smoky end of a Presidential special, in a bright new engine trimmed with red, white, and blue bunting and with flags whipping the breeze.

The town would think a lot of me then and I'd have plenty of company. Somehow, the girls don't go for me now. They just titter and move away. I guess they think I'm too much of a railfan. But that don't matter, either. Not in those days it didn't. After I got to be the world's best hogger, they'd all come flocking around my cab, begging for dates, and I would pick the one with the prettiest legs.

Yeah, I'd get married, of course, and my wife would keep a light burning in the window at home while I was pulling the Night Express. I'd never be the kind of heel that keeps a different woman at each end of his run. No siree, I would come straight home from the roundhouse

after I registered in, and take Mrs. Ames out to a show or something.

AS I GREW older I read every railroad book and magazine I could find. I devoured timetables until I knew darned near every railroad station in the States and Canada by heart. In those days there were no railfan clubs, but I wish there had been.

A corner in the granary was my workshop. Here I whittled out model engines and cars from wood with my three-bladed jack-knife and a gimlet. I went in for switching problems, too. I studied cylinder dimensions, steam pressure, drive-wheel diameters, and tractive force. Heavy stuff, you say. Yeah, but I liked it.

Besides, you had to do something when you didn't have a female in a frilly dress to pal around with. I would get one later on, of course, but in the meantime I wanted to be ready for the big railroad job when it showed up.

It did come, at length. I hired out to the railroad that ran through our town and my first job was wiping engines in the roundhouse.

"It won't be long before I'm workin' out on the road," I thought, "but, of course, I can't be a pig-mauler right away. I'll hafta start as a fireman. Even now I'm up against the real thing—coal smoke, soot, steam, and grease—and plenty of locomotives. It's a grand life!"

Long lean passenger types with drivers higher than my head, and built for speed, those babies. Snub-nosed freight hogs with little wheels squat on the ground, made for heavy hauling. Tall straight stacks, some with curlicue rims around the top, and every one of them poked under a grimy smoke funnel in the roundhouse.

Two brand new passenger Compounds came from the Rhode Island Locomotive Works. I couldn't stand flatfooted and reach to the top of their drivers, but I stood by watching them and I said to Old Bert, the sweeper:

"I'll bet they can make a hundred miles an hour look like standin' still. Them's the kind I'll run some day."

OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVERYBODY

Publisher's Classified Department (Trademark)

For advertising rates, write to William R. Stewart, 9 South Clinton Street, Chicago 6 (Men's Bi—Oct.-Nov.) 6

FOREIGN & U. S. A. JOB LISTINGS

JOBS—HIGH PAY. South America, the Islands, U.S.A., foreign countries. All trades. Clerical, labor, engineers, drivers, others. Women also. Fare paid. Application forms. For information. Write Section 95C, National Employment Information, 1020 Broad, Newark, N. J.

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EARN EXTRA MONEY Selling Advertising Book Matches. Free sample kit furnished. Matchcorp, Dept. GH-6, Chicago 32, Illinois.

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PRISONER CARTOONS, 10 for $5.00. Bizarre catalog with order only. Nudeal, Box 174B, Floral Park, N.Y.

BOOKS & PERIODICALS

FREE ILLUSTRATED HYPNOTISM Catalogue. Write: Hypnotist, 8721 Sunset, Los Angeles 46W, California.

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DETECTIVES

LEARN CIVIL AND Criminal Investigation at home. Earn steady good pay. Inst. Applied Science, 1920 Sunnyside, Dept. 13-C, Chicago 40, Ill.

LAND BARGAINS

FLORIDA HOMESITE $5.00 Down, Full price only $99. Located on fabulous East Coast in high "ridge-section". Electricity, phones, streets, churches, schools, shopping. Near Ocean and St. John River. World's best fishing! Write for Free photos. Dallas Leff, Box 826, Orange City, Florida.

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EARN UP TO $250.00 per week soliciting delinquent accounts. Metro, Box 5887, Kansas City 11, Missouri.

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BIZARRE, EXTREMELY UNUSUAL stories. Damsels in distress. Three fascinating, illustrated stories, $5.00. Illustrated catalog of other exciting offers with order. Schwartz, Box 317A, Great Neck, N.Y.

UNUSUAL READING, FASCINATING, revealing. Illustrated booklets 10-$1. Catalogue, 10c. Kogan, 1032-BM, Church Annex, New York 8.

DIVORCE AND MARRIAGE Laws All 48 States. Save Legal Fees. Simple, Clear 96-Page Book. Only $2.00. Bybymail, Box 488, Dept. MD, Hempstead, N.Y.

WE PURCHASE INDIANHEAD pennies. Complete all coin catalogue 25c. Magnacoins, Box 61-FD, Whitestone 57, New York.

"INTERESTING MAILS"—25c keeps your mail-box full three months. Bentz, (Desk-R/15), Chatawa, Mississippi.

BIG MAILS, 25c Listing with us will fill your mailbox with mail, C. M. Box 1211-AL, Chattanooga, Tenn.

RARE MAGAZINES, CATALOG 10c. Nation Wide Magazine Exchange. Box 1375-B, San Antonio 6, Texas.

RULE OTHERS WITH thoughts. Full course. $2. Delmar Wisdom, 846-C9N Sunnyside, Chicago 40.

EX-RAY MIND! HYPNOTIZE, one glance. Guaranteed $3.00. Wamsteker, Box 10-M, Ottery, Cape, South Africa.

LOANS BY MAIL

BORROW $50 TO $500. Employed men and women, over 25, eligible. Confidential—no co-signers—no inquiries of employers or friends. Repay in monthly payments to fit your income. Supervised by State of Nebraska. Loan application sent free in plain envelope. Give occupation. American Loan Plan, City National Bldg., Dept. BC-10, Omaha, Nebraska.

SALESMEN WANTED

ADVERTISING BOOK MATCHES—cash in on big demand; sell Union Label matches. Cuts for all businesses and political parties. Free powerhouse selling kit, low prices, protection guaranteed on repeat orders. Cash commissions. Superior Match Co., Dept. G-1056, 7530 Greenwood, Chicago 19.

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MOVIE FILMS & EQUIPMENT

FREE! BLACKHAWK'S BIG sale catalog new and used 16mm., 8mm. films; 2" x 2" color slides; used 16mm. sound projectors. Biggest stock in U.S.A. Blackhawk Films, 1707 Eastin, Davenport, Iowa.

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$150 WEEK—EASY! Start home Venetian Blind Laundry. Revealing book free. D.U. Co., 101 S. 44th, Philadelphia 4, Penna.

MUSIC & MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

POEMS WANTED FOR New Songs. Send Poems. Free Examination. Immediate Consideration. Songcrafters, Arcade Station, Nashville, Tenn.

Old Bert just gave me a toothless grin and said nothing. But I had to talk with somebody.

If either of those Compounds was in the roundhouse when the noon whistle screamed, I'd be up in her cab with my dinner pail on the right-hand seatbox without fail.

Every day there was a big trip somewhere. I'd swing her reverse lever forward, ease her throttle a notch at a time, and we were off. 'Course, she was stone cold and had blocks under her wheels but I was going places just the same. All I had to do was pull my cap on tight, lean out the cab window, and watch us eat up the track.

A road crossing signal-post rushes at us. I yank the whistle cord in a beautiful two longs and two shorts. Nobody else can hear that whistle blast, but I can, all right, and I know that my name is painted on the sides of her cab in letters of gold.

A way station flashes past. I look down the gleaming rails. "Aw, that's only Winnipeg or Omaha. They're just flagstops for this train." So we roar through town at eighty miles per hour and everybody's down at the depot to see the Limited and Engineer Billy Ames, and a lot of lovely girls are waving pennants with my name on them.

When I shove in the throttle at the one o'clock whistle, we're in San Diego or Vancouver. I climb down from the cab with my long-necked oil can and feel for hot bearings with the back of my knuckles like real hoggers do. After that I return to my wiper's job at the roundhouse.

Next day I gotta bring her back from San Diego or Vancouver and run her over the table and into her stall. It's great practice for the real runs I'll be making some day.

GRADUALLY the roundhouse gang began saying the Ames wiper was cuckoo. Poked all kinds of fun at me. They'd make a callboard

with chalk on the house wall. Then they'd write my name in this as engineer on First 102, the road's crack passenger train.

"Let 'em laugh," I'd tell myself. "Some day I'll be pullin' the throttle on this same 102 and these nitwits will be in the hole watching me zip past."

The hostler was a fine guy named Harry Woodward. He sure savvied engines but he never went out on the road. Harry brought 'em into the roundhouse off the house track. At first I thought eagle-eyes were either pretty independent or absent-minded because they always left their locomotives on the house track. But maybe the real reason was that they all liked Harry and left the hogs outsides so he'd have a job.

I helped Harry fetch his pets indoors and put 'em to bed. That is, I'd get in the pit and pull the fire, shin up on top and the sand dome, help shove the turntable, and block her drivers when the stack was spotted under the funnel. Harry did all the rest.

Summer waned and fall came. Roundhouse air was alive with a new activity. Older wipers were sent out firing on grain runs. The callboy was busy rustling crews for extra freights. Chain-gang enginemen—them's the "first in, first out" boys—doing something awful to that old pay-car. Most of 'em were taking out a drag and doubling right back, to find another run waiting for them.

I'm thinking, "I'll surely get in on some of this." Noontimes now I'm up in any old engine shaking a shovel at the black diamonds so I'll have the swing of the thing when I'm called.

Finally I miss a wiper who is younger than me on the job. And whacha think? I see the big ham's name stuck up on the board as fireman on an extra run! Do I blow up? Say, I slam my handful of greasy waste into the oil pail and in nothing flat I'm up in the boss's office. My first question is:

"Does seniority apply to a wiper?"

"Sure," he nods. "It applies to everybody but the roundhouse cat."

Then I trot out my grievance. There has been an oversight, and I'm sent right up for examination. At last I'm on my way!

Everything is fine so far. Physically, I'm hard as nails and tough as whalebone. Only one more river to cross—the eye doctor. He hands me a strand of yarn from a skein and tells me to match it for color. This is a lead-pipe cinch. I spot the yarn's mate and give it back to him. The doc shakes his head.

Great guns, I've missed! I try again and again. It looks easy enough, but I lose out on every chance. It's so awful that I don't want to talk about it. My life's dream is shattered. After the eye test I reel out of that room with words ringing in my ears: "Mr. Ames, you are color-blind." That settles it. I'm the engine all steamed up but with both cylinder heads blown out.

In a daze I wander off into the woods of birch and maple, back of the shops, because I can't stand to see any of the roundhouse fellows—they'd know that I was on the skids—and I keep telling myself:

"I'll never run an engine."

After a while my thoughts clear up, like mist before the sunbeams. I know that somebody has got to wipe engines and that somebody is me. So I march back to the roundhouse and the old job. Even though I can't be a hogger I can still enjoy the grease and soot and smoke and steam.

FORTY YEARS later I am still toting waste and oil pails, still wiping engines. Age has silvered my hair; the weight of years has sagged my shoulders. The new roundhouse boys call me "Old Billy, the boss wiper," and I tell them:

"Even if you're only wipin' engines, fellers, wipe 'em right. That is my philosophy."

During those forty years I've seen the guys come and go. I've watched them turn gray in railroad service and I've waved some of them the high sign as they headed out on that last one-way journey—from which they never came back.

There have been a lotta changes about this place. I have seen the little eight-wheelers of my youth, like the Rogers that Mr. Brock used to run, expand into the giant Mallets with as many wheels as a caterpillar has legs. And the roundhouse itself and the turntable have been rebuilt to accommodate them.

Me and the original engines have grown old together. I've watched them come in brand new, seen them go to the backshops for overhaul, and finally seen them shunted down a long sidetrack to the junk pile.

There they stand, winter and summer, rain and shine—a funeral procession of weary, worn-out, iron horses. Each one has stencilled on her cab, "Vacated from equipment roll" and the date. That little notice is her epitaph.

It would not be so bad if they'd just leave the old wrecks in peace. But they leave 'em in pieces. Every time a side-rod or an eccentric is wanted, down they go to the engine burial ground and tear off an arm or leg. Of course, I'm just a sentimental has-been—or never-was. I like to steal down to that graveyard of rusting iron and rotting wood, where the chipmunks and field mice keep house, and sit in the bare cabs of departed glory.

Plain as day I can hear floating up to me the cry of "Boa-ard!" and a dozen car-lengths back I can see the shadowy outline of a "con" in a smart blue uniform with brass buttons lifting his arm in a highball. I tug at her creaky, rusty, protesting throttle. I feel her quiver all over as the steam seeps through her system and warms her old bones. She moves, uncertainly at first, and then like magic she slips away down the rails.

We're off! Out of this limbo of ghost locomotives, back to the glorious past, and what a grand ride! Down the line she rushes, roaring and shrieking through the country at ninety miles an hour, a long streak of varnished wagons trailing behind us. Mail is grabbed and kicked off. We scoop up water from track pans on the fly. Everything on the road is spotted in the hole as we skyrocket by.

The right-of-way is gay with pretty

girls—saucy and big-bosomed, with smooth legs—blondes, brunettes, and redheads—waving at me and smiling and throwing kisses, and I wave back from the engine cab. There are so many girls, how can you be sure of picking the right one? I feel sorry for the fireboy who is busy tossing black diamonds into the firebox and don't know what he is missing.

Such a life! I hope I never wake up. But when I do finally open my eyes, dog-gone it, we ain't budged an inch. Of course, I knew we wouldn't, because, for one thing, the old engine is short her side-rods and both cylinder heads. She is just scrap metal. And I think, maybe that's why I mosey down here. You know what they say about birds of a feather.

One day the boss calls me on the carpet. Mr. Litchfield is a swell guy, but I was on this job 'most before he was born. There I am standing before him and he's sizing me up from behind a big, flat-topped desk. I ain't done a thing I shouldn't but I've got a funny feeling deep down inside of me. All I can see in my mind is that string of scrap-metal that'll never run again.

"And why not?" I tell myself. "You can't go on here forever. The engines don't."

But Mr. Litchfield is smiling. "Billy," he says, "how long have you waited to run an engine?"

"All my life."

"How'd you like to run a real-honest-to-goodness, smoke-spouting, steam-spitting passenger engine?"

Maybe I didn't hear straight. I reach for my bandana to wipe the cold sweat off my bald spot and I tell him: "Mr. Litchfield, if you're pokin' fun at me, please don't."

"But I am not, Mr. Ames," he says. "I mean every word of it. You can throw a reverse lever, can't you?"

I'm nodding the old bean.

"And you can read a steam gage," he says, "work an injector, ring a bell, jerk a whistle cord, and pull a throttle?"

To all these questions my head keeps wagging like it's on a hinge. "Sure, Mr. Litchfield, I've run engines a million miles in my dreams."

"Well, you can wake up now," says he. "You're a real hoghead with a regular run from today on. Let's go! I'll introduce you to your new battleship and string of coaches."

But I stand still like a dope and gawk at him. "You—you know my trouble, Mr. Litchfield," I blurt out. "I can't read signals—I'm color-blind!"

"Don't worry about that, Billy. I'll fix everything for you." And he did.

SO HERE I am running a Tom Thumb train on a miniature steam railway at the Playland amusement park. It's not the great-wheeled Consolidation burning up the rails with a dozen Pullmans that I dreamed of running when I was a boy. Even so, she's a real good little engine and she suits me. You know, after Life has kicked you around for half a century, it don't take much to satisfy you any more.

Playland has a one-man pike and I am that man. It's quite a job.

I collect the tickets and ring my engine bell from my back seat on the water tank, and then as we pull out I holler: "Good-bye, old New York!!" Of course, we swing around to the same spot again and I make a regular passenger-train stop—just beside the platform—and I yell:

"San Francisco! Last stop! Everybody out!"

It makes a hit with the kids, and that's what I am here for. All my life I have loved children. I had planned a lotta things like marriage, a home, and a family. I had even figured out a little whistle toot for the end of my run so the folks would know that Dad is coming home. But I never did marry. Never even had a girl friend.

Those dreams went out with the others, because—well, you can't do much on a wiper's wages. It ain't like being the best engineer in the world. ●

Typical of the modern diesel power used on the "Line of the Minute Man" are Nos. 1562, 3800, 4224, 1510, and RDC 6112.

Cleaning girl invades a male stronghold—diesel engine cab.

BOSTON & MAINE LOCOMOTIVES

The 121-Year-Old Road's New Fleet of 101 Self-Propelled, Rail-Diesel, Passenger Cars Is Not Listed Here

Boston & Maine RR. photos

Growler No. 4204, drumming along Mohawk Trail with a long string of freight, cants to Zoar curve on Hoosac Tunnel route.

NEARLY ALL DIESELS, A FEW STEAMERS

FREIGHT DIESEL-ELECTRICS

All Boston & Maine diesel-electric wheel arrangements are B-B, except for the straight passenger types, which are AIA-AIA. All wheels measure 40 inches in diameter, except for the straight passenger types, 36 inches, and Nos. 110 through 119, 33 inches. Here are other specifications for the straight freight types:

Number	Builder	Built	Type	Cyls.	Weight	HP	Tr. Ef.
1103—'05	EMD	1936	DS2-b	8x10	201,320	600	50,330
1106—'08	EMD	1938	DS2-b	8x10	205,000	600	51,250
1161	Alco	1938	DS2-d	12½x13	197,600	600	49,400
1109, '10	EMD	1939	DS2-c	8½x10	203,500	600	50,875
1162	Alco	1939	DS3-a	12½x13	197,360	660	49,340
110—'12	GE	1940	DS1-a	5¾x8	88,740	380	22,185
114—'16	GE	1941	DS1-a	5¾x8	88,740	380	22,185
1112, '13	EMD	1941	DS2-c	8½x10	198,250	600	49,560
1200, '01	EMD	1941	DS4-a	8½x10	247,000	1000	61,750
117	GE	1942	DS1-a	5¾x8	88,740	190	22,185
1202	GE	1942	DS4-a	8½x10	246,400	1000	61,600
1203, '04	GE	1942	DS4-a	8½x10	247,600	1000	61,900
1163—'65	Alco	1944	DS3-b	12½x13	198,000	660	49,500
1260—'62	Alco	1944	DS4-b	12½x13	229,500	1000	57,375
1263—'65	Alco	1945	DS4-b	12½x13	228,200	1000	57,050
1114—'17	EMD	1946	DS2-c	8½x10	196,500	600	49,125
1205, '6, '7	EMD	1946	DS4-a	8½x10	248,500	1000	62,125
118	GE	1947	DS1-a	5¾x8	88,740	380	22,185
119	GE	1948	DS1-a	5¾x8	88,740	380	22,185
1166, '67	Alco	1948	DS3-b	12½x13	198,600	660	49,650
1118	EMD	1949	DS2-c	8½x10	196,500	600	49,125
1168—'72	Alco	1949	DS3-b	12½x13	198,600	660	49,650
1208, '09	EMD	1949	DS4-a	8½x10	248,500	1000	62,125
1210—'13	EMD	1949	DS4-c	8½x10	249,200	1000	62,300
1173—'76	Alco	1950	DS3-b	12½x13	194,600	660	48,650
1266—'73	Alco	1950	DS4-b	12½x13	245,500	1000	61,375
1177—'88	Alco	1952	DS3-b	12½x13	196,100	660	49,025
1220—'23	EMD	1952	DS5-a	8½x10	247,700	1200	61,195
1224—'26	EMD	1952	DS5-a	8½x10	248,300	1200	62,075
900—'07	EMD	1953	DS6-a	8½x10	247,400	800	61,850
1119—'32	EMD	1953	DS2-c	8½x10	197,300	600	49,325
1227—31	EMD	1953	DS5-a	8½x10	248,300	1200	62,075
860—'65	Alco	1954	DS6-b	9x10½	246,200	800	61,550
4200—'05	EMD	194?	DF1-a	8½x10	466,000	2700	116,500
4206—'23	EMD	1944	DF1-a	8½x10	466,000	2700	116,500
4250—'64 A	EMD	1946	DF2-a	8½x10	231,200	1350	57,800
1500	Alco	1948	DRS 1-a	9x10½	232,700	1500	58,175
4250—'64 A	EMD	1949	DF3-b	8½x10	233,200	1500	58,300
4265—'68 B	EMD	1950	DF3-b	8½x10	229,400	1500	57,350

PASSENGER OR FREIGHT DIESEL-ELECTRICS

4224—'26AB	EMD	1946	DF1-b	8½x10	479,180	2700	119,795
4227—'28AB	EMD	1948	DF3-a	8½x10	488,095	2700	122,024
1550—'53	EMD	1948	DRS2-a	8½x10	225,800	1500	56,450
1501—'04	Alco	1949	DRS1-c	9x10½	247,000	1500	61,750
1530—'34	Alco	1949	DRS1-c	9x10½	246,400	1500	61,600
1555—'60	EMD	1950	DRS3-b	8½x10	250,800	1500	62,700
1561—'62	EMD	1950	DRS3-c	8½x10	250,800	1500	62,700
1535—'40	Alco	1952	DRS3-e	9x10½	251,380	1600	62,425
1542—'45	Alco	1952	DRS3-e	9x10½	251,380	1600	62,425
1541	Alco	1952	DRS1-d	9x10½	249,700	1600	62,425
1563—'71	EMD	1952	DRS3-d	8½x10	250,800	1500	62,700
1572—'77	EMD	1953	DRS3-c	8½x10	251,500	1500	62,875
1505—'17	Alco	1954	DRS1-e	9x10½	254,140	1600	63,535
1518—'19	Alco	1955	DRS1-e	9x10½	251,770	1600	62,942

PASSENGER DIESEL-ELECTRICS

3800—'01	EMD	1945	DP1-a	8½x10	320,766	2000	53,875
3802—'15	EMD	1946	DP1-a	8½x10	320,760	2000	53,975
3816—'19	EMD	1948	DP1-a	8½x10	322,436	2000	54,410
3821	EMD	1950	DP1-b	8½x10	328,770	2250	55,480

STEAM LOCOMOTIVES

As we go to press, the Boston & Maine still has 13 steam engines left in service but is expected to have none at all before the year ends. No. 1455 was built by Manchester, No. 4113 by Baldwin, and the other 11 by Schenectady. As for boiler pressure, No. 622 has 175 pounds; No. 4113, 240 pounds; and the rest, 200 pounds. Other specifications.

No.	Built	Type	Cyls.	Drivers	Weight	Tr. Ef.
622	1922	0-8-0	25x28	52	221,000	50,060
1455	1907	2-6-0	19x26	63	152,100	25,300
1493	1910	2-6-0	19x26	63	154,600	25,300
1495	1910	2-6-0	19x26	63	154,600	25,300
1498	1910	4-6-2	19x26	63	154,600	25,300
3622	1911	4-6-2	22x28	73	249,350	31,600
3623	1911	4-6-2	22x28	73	249,350	31,600
3654	1911	4-6-2	22x28	73	249,350	31,600
3662	1913	4-6-2	22x28	73	249,350	31,600
3672	1913	4-6-2	22x28	73	249,350	31,600
3673	1913	4-6-2	22x28	73	249,350	31,600
3687	1916	4-6-2	22x28	73	244,800	67,900
4113	1941	4-8-2	28x31	73	415,200	31,600

MEN PAST 40

Afflicted With Getting Up Nights, Pains in Back, Hips, Legs, Nervousness, Tiredness.

If you are a victim of the above symptoms, the trouble may be due to Glandular Inflammation. A constitutional Disease for which it is futile for sufferers to try to treat themselves at home. Medicines that give temporary relief will not remove the cause of your trouble.

To men of middle age or past this type of Inflammation occurs frequently. It is accompanied by loss of physical vigor, graying of hair, forgetfulness and often increase in weight. Neglect of such inflammation causes men to grow old before their time — premature senility and possibly incurable conditions.

Most men, if treatment is taken before malignancy has developed, can be successfully NON-SURGICALLY treated for Glandular Inflammation. If the condition is aggravated by lack of treatment, surgery may be the only chance.

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The NON-SURGICAL treatments afforded at the Excelsior Institute are the result of 20 years research by scientific Technologists and Competent Doctors.

The War brought many new techniques and drugs. These added to the research already accomplished has produced a new type of treatment that is proving of great benefit to man as he advances in years.

The Excelsior Institute is devoted exclusively to the treatment of diseases of men of advancing years. Men from all walks of life and from over 1,000 cities and towns have been successfully treated. They found soothing and comforting relief and a new zest in life.

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RECTAL COLON
Are often associated with Glandular Inflammation. We can treat these for you at the same time.

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WHEN STEAM RULED THE B&M

Francis Monohan

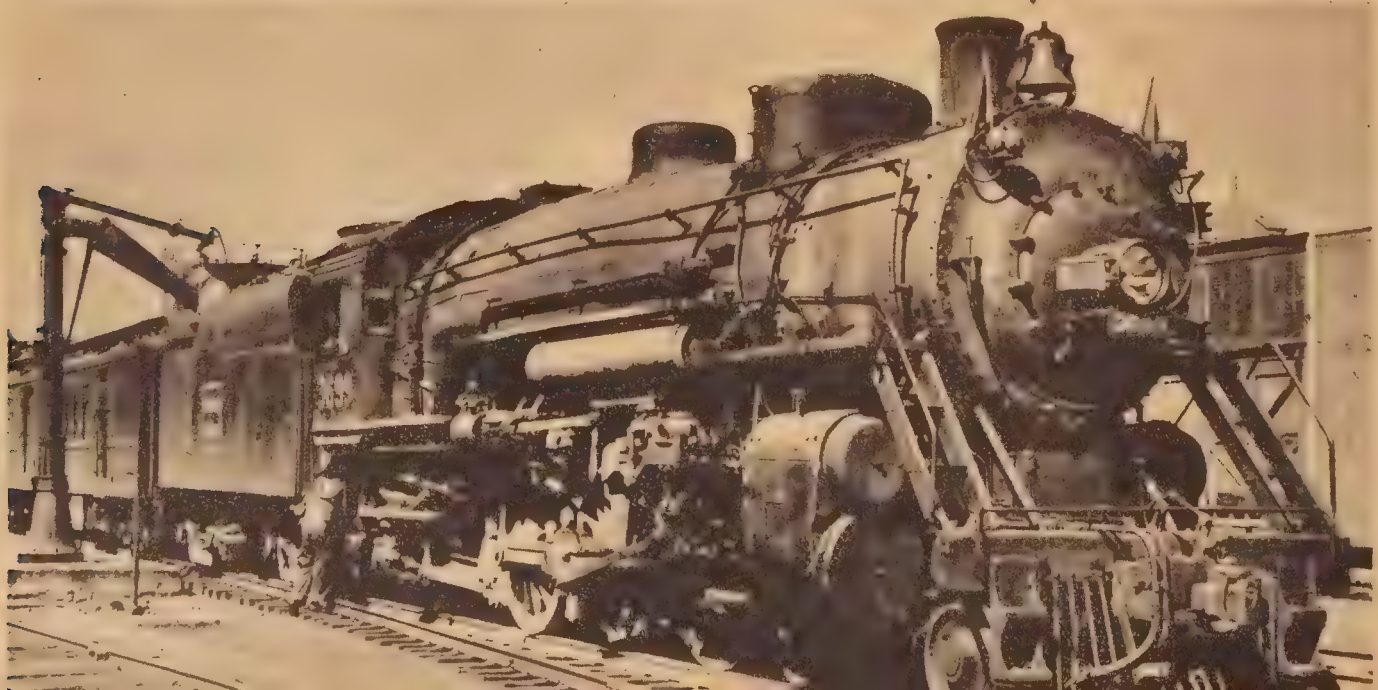
In the days of wooden coaches: B&M 1026 wheels a Boston-bound train across the Revere marshes on the Danvers branch.

H.W. Pontin, Rail Photo Service, 93 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.

During the steam era, B&M had "open house" days for all who wished to inspect its engine facilities at Boston Terminal

John H. Williams, Rail Photo Service

B&M 3699, shown with the *Connecticut Yankee* at Westminister, Vt., began her career by hauling freight on the Lackawanna.



BOOKS of the RAILS

BULLETIN NO. 94, Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, Baker Library, Harvard Business School, Boston, Mass., 172 pages. Price for members $2, nonmembers $3.

The entire bulletin is devoted to Locomotives of the Southern Pacific, compiled by Gerald M. Best and David L. Joslin, (both of whom contribute to *Railroad Magazine*) with brief histories of the lines which were combined to form the present SP, also rosters and disposition of equipment. Included is an excellent collection of photographs. A valuable reference book.

THE OFFICIAL REGISTER OF PASSENGER TRAIN EQUIPMENT, NO. 21, The Railway Equipment & Publication Co., 424 W. 33rd St., New York, N. Y., 120 pages, 60 cents.

Contains a list of passenger-train car equipment of participating railroads and private car lines, information as to type of car, measurements, seating capacity, etc. Issued annually by the publishers of *The Official Guide.*

NIGHT PASSAGE, by Norman A. Fox, Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, N. Y., 217 pages, $2.75.

Grant McLain, a disgraced troubleshooter for the fictitious BS&T Railroad in Montana, returns to Junction City to accept a dangerous assignment in order to clear his name, and meets trouble head-on.

His night of terror includes a railroad holdup, a runaway train, and a kidnaping. There is plenty of suspense but very little operating technique.

HIGHWAY COSTS (and who should pay them) by Berton N. Behling, Association of American Railroads, Transportation Bldg., Washington, D. C., 46 pages (pamphlet), free.

A statement prepared by an economist who represents the AAR and the American Short Line Association, addressed to the House Committee on Ways and Means, regarding bill HR 9075, which fails to meet tests of equity and sound economy.

RAIL TRANSPORT AND THE WINNING OF WARS, by General James A. Van Fleet, U.S. Army (Retired), Association of American Railroads, Transportation Bldg., Washington, D. C., 71 pages (pamphlet), free.

A survey that presents the role of railroads in national security, stressing the need for strong and progressive transportation. In anticipation of an emergency, the General points out the importance of keeping the railroads in readiness during peacetime. Illustrated with photographs from combat fronts around the world.

THE MILITARY RAILWAY SERVICE JOURNAL, Neil L. Maurer, Laurens, Iowa, editor, $1.50 per year.

MRS veterans of World War II and Korea will be glad to know that publication of their journal is kept up. ●

(ADVERTISEMENT)

Will 1956 Be the Year That Changes the World?

A strange man in Los Angeles, known as "The Voice of Two Worlds," is offering, free of charge to the public, an astounding 64 page booklet analyzing famous world prophecies covering these times. It shows that four of the greatest prophecies could not come true until the present time. But now they can, and the years that change the world are at hand. Great dangers but still greater opportunities, confront forward looking people in 1956.

"The Voice of Two Worlds," a well known explorer and geographer, tells of a remarkable system that often leads to almost unbelievable improvement in power of mind, achievement of brilliant business and professional success and new happiness. Others tell of increased bodily strength, magnetic personality, courage and poise.

These strange methods were found in far-off and mysterious Tibet, often called the land of miracles by the few travelers permitted to visit it. He discloses how he learned rare wisdom and long hidden practices, closely guarded for three thousand years by the sages, which enabled many to perform amazing feats. He maintains that these immense powers are latent in all of us, and that methods for using them are now simplified so that they can be used by almost any person with ordinary intelligence.

The 64 page booklet he is now offering free to the public gives guidance for those who wish to prepare themselves for the momentous days ahead. It gives details of what to expect, and when. Its title is "Beware of These Days!"

The book formerly sold for a dollar, but as long as the present supply lasts, it is offered free to readers of this notice. This liberal offer is made because he expects that many readers will later become interested in the entire system of mind power he learned in the Far East and which is now ready to be disclosed to the Western world.

For your free copy of the astonishing prophecies covering these momentous times, as revealed in this 64-page book, address the Institute of Mental Physics, 213 South Hobart Blvd., Dept. A118, Los Angeles 4, Calif. Send no money. Just your name and address on a postcard or in an envelope will do. No obligation. Readers are urged to write promptly, as only a limited number of the free books have been printed.

COMING EVENTS

AUG. 4—Kansas City Chapter NHRS fantrip between KC and Eldon, Mo., via Rock Island gas-electric car. Contact David Osborn, 8627 Goodman Drive, Overland Park, Kan.

Aug. 5—N. Calif. fan clubs on joint picnic.

Aug. 11, 12—Iowa Chapter NRHHS fantrip over entire Southern Iowa Railway, using passenger car Saturday and freight motor plus 4-wheel caboose Sunday, $2. Signature on waiver required. Write Wilson Lemberger, Box 87, Wever, Iowa.

Aug. 16 thru 19—Annual convention Nat. Model RR. Assn., St. Paul, Minn. Hdqrs., Hotel St. Paul. Sightseeing trips, fantrip, luncheon, model contest, business meeting, banquet, visit local model clubs.

Aug. 18—S. Calif. Div. ERA sponsors trip over LA Transit Lines in H-type car.

Aug. 19—N. Calif. RR. Club and Calif.-Nev. RR. Hist. Soc. sponsor Western motorcar trip. Contact Edw. Bohlen or (for CNRHS) Arthur Lloyd, Jr., 3533 Pasadena Dr., San Mateo, Calif.

Aug. 26—Pac. Coast Region NMRA, quarterly meeting and operation of layout at Eastbay Model Engrs. Soc., 4075 Halleck St., Oakland, Calif. All fans welcome.

Sept. 1, 3, 3—Central Coast Ry. Club sponsors trip for 25th anniversary of Inside Gateway via WP, GN, SP&S to Wishram, Wash. Write Box 783, San Jose, Calif.

Sept. 21, 22, 23—Pac. Coast Chapter R&LHS overnight in Eureka, returning Sunday daylight. Contact (for NRHS) J. E. Turner, 1739 Berkeley Way, Berkeley, Calif., or CNRHS.

Oct. 7—Bay Area Elec. R.R. Assn. sponsors trip over Key System in club-owned eqpmt. Details from Addison Laflin, 2119 Marin Ave., Berkeley, Calif.

Oct. 14—Buff. Chapter NRHS: Pennsy autumn leaf trip to Renova, Pa., shops plus side trip. Contact John Prophet 3rd, 555 Meadow Rd., Buffalo, N. Y.

Oct. 14—Conn. Val. Chapter NRHS: annual fall foliage trip, CV steam power plus the New Haven. Write Edw. Kelly, 20 Lake Pl., New Haven, Conn.

Oct. 14—Phila. Chapter NRHS, fantrip to Maybrook over freight lines. Write Robt. Abrams, 5480 Morse St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Oct. 14—PCCC of R—LHS sponsors party trip honoring M&ET, Modesto, Calif., using trains 52 and 51. Write J. E. Turner, 1739 Berkeley Way, Berkley, Calif.

Oct. 21—Central Coast Ry. Club sponsors trip on west valley branches, Berryessa and Alamitos. Contact Box 783, San Jose, Calif.

Oct. 28—SC Div. ERA sponsors trip over Metropolitan Coach Lines in 5050-type car. Contact SC Div. of Electric Railroaders' Assn.

Oct. or Nov.—Phila. Chapter NRHS, tour city streets covering all remaining trolley trackage. Write Robt. Abrams.

Nov.; no date yet—PRS mystery trip.

MOTIVE POWER

OF THE

Duluth, Missabe & Iron Range Railway

STEAM LOCOMOTIVES

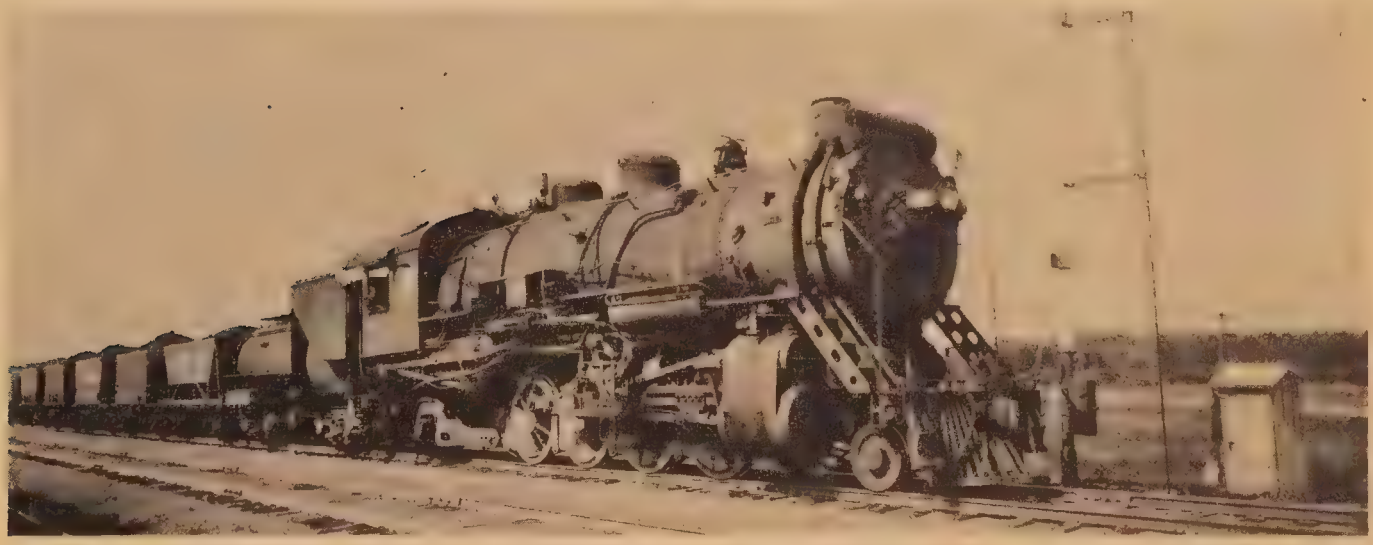
Class	Type	No.	Builder	Date	Cyls.	Driv.	B.P.	Total En. Wt.	Trac. Effort
E	2-10-2	6	Baldwin	1916	28x32	60	200	376,710	71,200
E-1	2-10-2	10	American	1919	27x32	57	206	376,710	69,600
E-4	2-10-4	10	American	1937	31x32	64	250	520,000	96,700
E-5	2-10-4	2	Baldwin	1941	31x32	64	250	519,740	96,700
E-6	2-10-4	1	Baldwin	1942	31x32	64	250	524,440	96,700
E-7	2-10-4	5	Baldwin	1943, '44	31x32	64	250	523,600	96,700
K	2-8-0	16	Baldwin	1905, '06, '07	24x28	55	200	214,650	49,800
K1	2-8-0	14	Baldwin	1909, '10	24x28	55	200	214,650	49,800
M1S	2-8-8-2	1	Baldwin	1916	24x32	57	200	494,450	110,000
M2S	2-8-8-2	2	Baldwin	1917	24x32	57	200	494,450	110,000
M-3	2-8-8-4	8	Baldwin	1941	26x32	63	240	695,040	140,000
M-4	2-8-8-4	10	Baldwin	1943	26x32	63	240	699,700	140,000
N	2-8-2	4	Baldwin	1913	27x30	58	200	338,320	64,000
N1	2-8-2	2	Lima	1913	27x30	58	200	338,320	64,000
N-2	2-8-2	3	Baldwin	1916	27x30	58	200	338,320	64,000
N-3	2-8-2	3	Baldwin	1923	27x30	58	200	338,320	64,000
N-4	2-8-2	10	American	1923	28x30	63	200	333,000	63,467
N-5	2-8-2	4	Lima	1923	28x30	63	200	333,000	63,467
N-6	2-8-2	12	Baldwin	1929, '30	28x30	63	200	333,460	63,467
P	4-6-2	2	Baldwin	1913	25x28	69	200	254,600	43,200
S-5	0-8-0	3	Baldwin	1917	24x28	51	200	220,000	55,600
S-6	0-10-0	3	Baldwin	1928	28x30	57	245	352,250	86,000
S-7	0-10-2	9	Baldwin	1936, '37	28x32	61	260	422,000	90,900

DIESEL-ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES

Class	Type	No.	Builder	Date	Cyls.	Wh. Dia.	Type	Total En. Wt.	Trac. Effort	HP
DS-1	0-4-4-0	15	EMD	1953	12	40	SW-8	246,660	62,000	1200
RS-1	0-6-6-0	10	EHD	1955-'56	16	40	SD94	385,900	95,490	1750

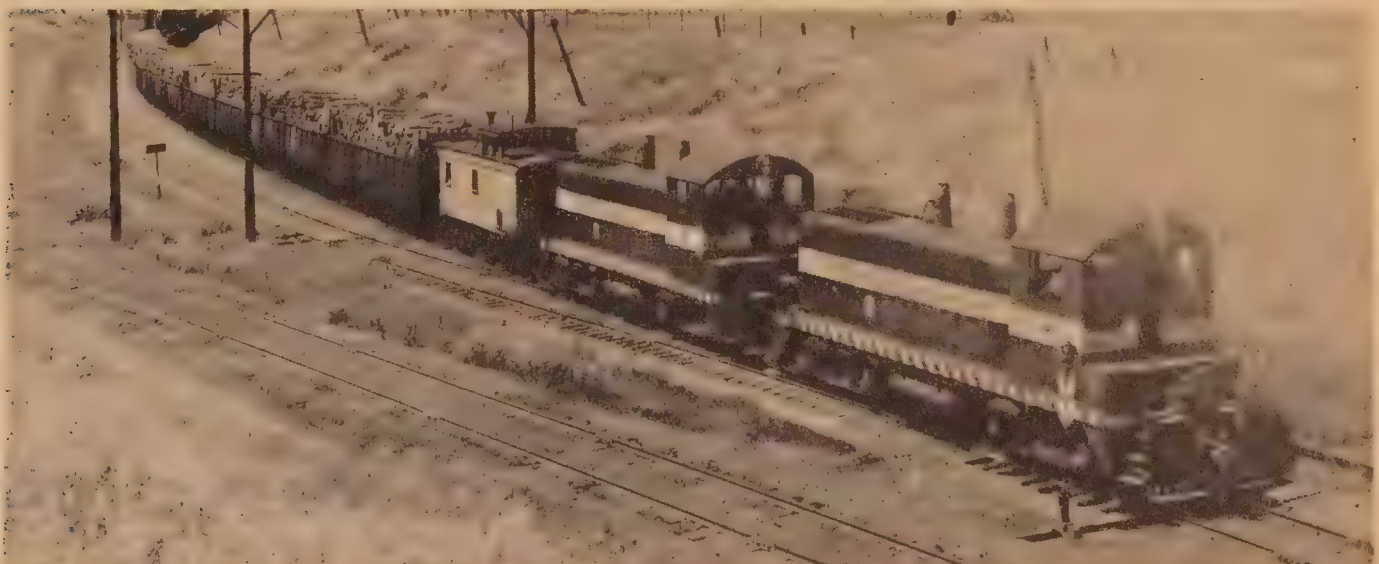
NOTES ON THE DM&IR

This road operates over 567 route-miles of track in Minnesota and Wisconsin. Its main business is hauling iron ore from the great Mesabi Range. This road connects with the Milwaukee, the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific, the Omaha, the South Shore, the Soo Line, the Duluth & Northeastern, and the Duluth, Winnipeg & Pacific. Photos on this page were supplied by the DM&IR, those on the next page by Burdell Bulgrin, Owen, Wisconsin.

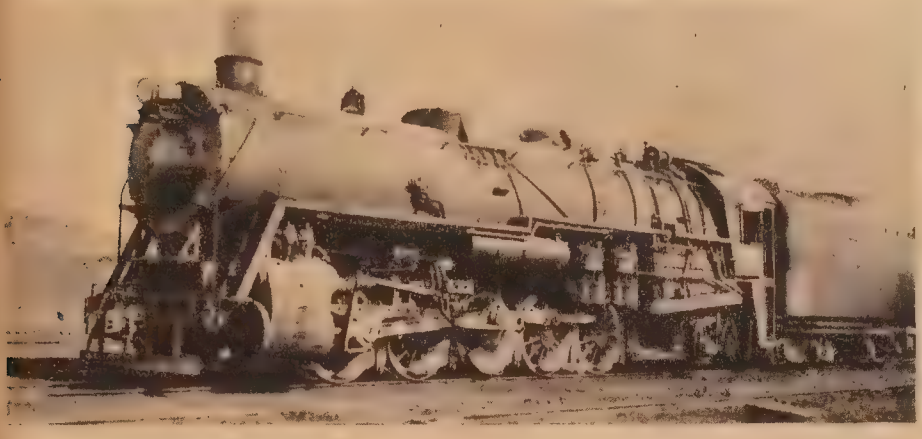


Ore train of the Duluth, Missabe & Iron Range Railway, pulled by old-number 310, on the Iron Range Division.

The DM&IR also uses diesel power to wheel its long strings of drag freight from iron mine to blast furnace.



Old-number 324, a 2-8-0, posed for Burdell Bulgrin's camera in 1948.



The former 602, an 0-10-2 type, sending a lazy smoke curl skyward in '52.

And here is old-number 512, a 2-10-2, waiting for orders at Duluth.

This great Mallet, then numbered 224, was snapped at Two Harbors in '48.

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- Pictures of Life-like breasts before and after pregnancy
- See where woman's organs have greatest sex excitement
- Watch step by step growth of child in pregnancy
- Complete Color Picture Story of Woman's Sex Organs (inside and out)
- Pictorial Story of Woman's "SAFE" days
- Picture Story of Cause of Sterility in Women
- Cross Section of the Hymen in various stages
- Cross Section Showing Causes of Woman's Sexual Ills
- Picture Story of Normal Sexuality in Male
- Picture Story of Woman's Excitation Curve
- Picture Story of most important causes of impotence
- Two Inserts of Female bodies showing how pregnancy takes place

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- New discoveries in birth control
- Woman's fertile days
- Showing how sexual desire is aroused in woman
- Female frigidity, its causes and cures
- Causes and cures for sexual impotence in men
- Feminine Masturbation
- Causes of sexual excitement in men
- How male organs function during intercourse
- How female sex organs function during intercourse
- How sexual desire in woman differs from man
- Four movements of woman's perfect complete orgasm
- Abnormal sex organs and what can be done
- How to overcome male's early climax
- Blunders made by men in sex act. How to avoid them
- Technique of first sex act on bridal night
- Delaying sex-life's finish
- Male change of life and its effect
- Cause and treatments for male and female sterility
- Why woman fails to attain climax
- Male and female reaching climax at same time
- How sex activity affects weight of male and female
- How to derive perfection in sexual act
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I Was a Dispatcher for Five Minutes

by HARRY RIDGWAY

IT WAS my first night on the job, and what a night! A blizzard howled over the interlocking tower in which I sat before a dimly-lighted desk on the upper floor. At this junction point the Pennsy crossed an interurban trolley line, the Jamestown, Westfield & Northwestern, known as "America's Scenic Route." The interurban had a dispatching office in our tower, but I worked only for the Pennsy.

Snow kept piling up on the window ledges outside. A gangling kid of eighteen, I watched it nervously. We'd sure have a white Christmas that year, 1916. I blessed the heat from our pot-bellied coal stove.

The chattering of relays of 21 and 23 telegraph wires broke the near-midnight stillness. Pencils stuck in the sounders muffled their noise. At short intervals, when both grew silent, I could hear nothing but the rattle of window panes and the monotonous *tick-tock* of the Seth Thomas wall clock.

My spirits were at a low ebb because I expected to be stuck on the graveyard shift over the holiday. It would be my first Christmas away from home. I was bucking the extra board, with too little seniority to hold a regular trick. The heavy snowfall bothered me. Switches must be swept out, but no gandy dancer had shown up yet for that job. Putting on my mackinaw and long-visored cap, I stepped out on the platform.

Through the swirling snow the nearby signal lights shone like dim little stars. No car had run over the interurban line for two hours, and the next one wasn't due to leave its terminal until six a.m. The track lay buried under glistening white.

"There's gonna be trouble," I thought, "if they don't plow that snow before morning."

But it was not my problem. I worked for the Pennsy, not the interurban. Returning inside, I poked around the fire to allow more draft. Then I went back to my desk.

I'd been on the railroad payroll for about a year. An uncle of mine, dispatching at Oil City, Pa., had taught me telegraphy at age twelve. I will never forget the day he brought me a key, a sounder, and a dry battery, and wrote out the Morse code on a sheet of notepaper. It didn't take me long to catch on; and now I was pulling down $65 a month as an operator, being assigned for a few days to Jamestown Junction, in southwestern New York State, under orders which read:

> Work 3rd trick N tower commencing tonight and until further notice. Do only the work for our side.

The interurban railway, with overhead power, ran for 32 miles between Jamestown and Westfield, N. Y., crossing the Pennsy about midway. Unlike me, the men on the first and second tricks had to dispatch trolleys. They also handled the north end of Mayville siding to let northbound trains out with the interlocking system.

During the summer the two dispatchers were very busy. Especially the man on first trick. Always putting out orders and changing meets. Traffic to points on the lake was heavy while the vacation season was on. The cars would cross over onto the Pennsylvania Railroad, roll up to Mayville, a mile away, and interchange passengers.

Through an agreement between the Pennsy and the interurban, the big road furnished extra operators for the tower. It was so arranged that whenever a vacancy occurred it would be on the third trick. If the first or second trick dispatcher was off, the other two moved up. The Pennsy employes were not qualified to dispatch interurban cars. Most of them, like myself, had never even ridden the JW&NW, let alone dispatched on it. Agents along the line copied orders, and after dark the conductors called in for orders.

It was ten p.m. that night of the blizzard when I arrived at the tower and began to study the trolley chart on the wall. The regular third-trick man, writing his transfer, said:

"You needn't worry about that. All you will use are the Pennsy main-line signals, and the switch and dwarf signals for the northbound siding. Forget the streetcars. The last one for the night will be tying up any time now."

Just then the phone rang. It was the final car reporting in. Five minutes later the man went out and I was on my own.

For the next few hours I handled several freights. But most of the time I watched the driving snow, listened to No. 23 wire, and copied some of the messages that went over the wire, just to keep in practice.

At 1:30 the JW&NW phone gave a peremptory ring. Recalling my instructions, I let it ring for a while, but finally answered it.

"Say," came a man's voice, "this is car 305 at Jamestown. We want an order to run a snowplow extra to Westfield." (Today, forty years later, I don't remember the car's number but we'll say 305.)

My heart beat faster. "I can't give you an order," I said. "I'm doing only the PRR work here."

"Aren't you the dispatcher at Jamestown Junction?" he persisted.

"No, just a Pennsy operator. I am not qualified to dispatch anything on your line."

I heard a sigh of impatience. Then:

"Now listen, my boy. We *must* have an order to get this plow over

the road. In another two hours we won't be able to move out of the barn and these trolleys will be tied up for three days."

I hesitated. "Do you absolutely have to get an order?"

"We sure can't turn a wheel without one."

For a teen-ager I was really on the spot. Should I follow my instructions or issue the order? I wanted to pass the buck to one of the JW&NW dispatchers but I didn't know where to find them. Should I ask the Pennsy dispatcher? No, he was a cautious chap; he'd only say, "Stick to your instructions."

On the other hand, if I were to issue the order and if something should happen to that snowplow, I would be hauled on the carpet for exceeding my authority.

"Wait a second," I told the conductor, stalling for time.

I studied the trolley sheet to make sure there wasn't a single car on the line. Then I looked at the order book. Not a thing. I was safe.

"All right," I said, "take this order," and I dictated:

> Order No. 1 to C&M, Extra 305 at Jamestown. Car 305 run snowplow extra Jamestown to Westfield.

I signed it with the initials of the JW&NW superintendent. The conductor read the order back to me. Then he gave me the motorman's name and I authorized him to go. Just before hanging up, he said he'd also plow out the sidings. From the moment he called until I marked down the time, about five minutes, I played the role of a dispatcher.

About four a.m. I saw the old plow slogging by N tower, a monster churning its way through the snow-spattered darkness en route to Westfield. Standing on the tower platform, I exchanged high signs with the crew. Then the blizzard swallowed it up.

I felt a boyish pride in the fact that I had actually put out the order for that run. It was the first and last time I worked as dispatcher—and it lasted five minutes. •

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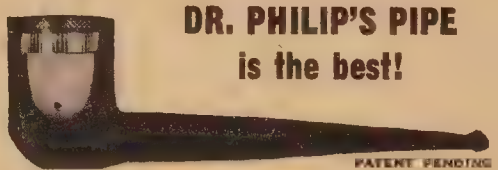

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New York Central System

A typical New York Central train dispatchers' office. It cost a railroad company about $25,000 to turn a student into a DS.

Train-Sheet Blues

The Dispatcher Must Be Able to Fight a Grim Battle Against Heavy Odds for Eight Hours Straight, His Mind Hopping All Over the Division, and One Minute Error May Invite Death

by PETER JOSSERAND

Western Pacific Train Dispatcher

THE ENGINEER on Number 22, the luxurious northbound *Sunshine Special,* shut off steam, applied his brakes, and ground to a wheel-flattening stop on the Missouri Pacific main track just clear of the north siding switch at Red Branch. He had picked up a flimsy at Dodge which read:

No. 21 meet No. 22 at Red Branch instead of Trinity.

Being superior by direction, the northbound *Sunshine Limited* was entitled by the order to hold the main track. As No. 22 roared around the curve a mile to the north, its hogger held an order of the same number, the first line reading the same, but with a significant second line which said:

No. 221 hold main track at Red Branch.

Expecting to find No. 22 on the siding, neither the fireman nor the engineer tumbled to the fact that it was on the main track until they came within three hundred yards of the main switch. After ramming the throttle closed and setting the brakes in emergency—in other words, wiping the clock—the engine crew joined the birds. By a rare streak of luck, no one was badly hurt in the pile-up that followed.

How did the collision happen? To understand fully, you should know just what goes on inside the dispatcher's head. We dispatchers knew that somebody was going to get caught in a trap. The trap had been set by a ruling that failed to take into account the way the human mind functions.

The Missouri Pacific book of rules required operators to check all repetitions of any order they copied. This provision was altered, no doubt in hope of getting a bit more work out of the dispatchers. It went this way:

All operators copying an order were required to check the first repetition. If it agreed with the copy of the second operator, he would precede his repetition with the word "check," whereupon the first op was free to leave the telephone and go about his other work. The second operator was released when the third said "check," and so on. When the last operator repeated, there was no one checking except the dispatcher.

It seems safe enough—on paper—but let's look at the mental processes involved in train dispatching.

Your objective consciousness does not function like a floodlight, involving all of the five physical senses. It is comparable to a spotlight which shines straight through one of them on a single spot.

For analogy, if you are absorbed in watching "Sergeant Bilko" on TV you may not hear a remark addressed to you, or even feel, taste, or smell. You may not see anyone who approaches. If you try to do both, your consciousness alternates between seeing and hearing quickly. However, there will be "gaps of consciousness" both in your seeing and hearing because the other three senses are dormant. Should you have the itch, this would widen the gaps in seeing and hearing.

Much of a train dispatcher's work involves this kind of thinking, for he must turn and twist the many factors involved in a situation until he fits the pieces together into a workable scheme.

For instance, an operator tells the dispatcher: "Coming east." The dispatcher sees that the train is not making the running time he figured. He mentally checks the engine, the tonnage, the engineer, the weather, the slow orders, and other things to try to discover a probable reason. Then he checks opposing trains to be sure that the loss of time does not require him to alter the meeting points. In this mental process he may cover as much as half of his railroad in reaching a decision. But he has done this so swiftly that before the operator can get his mouth closed the dispatcher tells him, "No more."

I WAS AMUSED at a certain young dispatcher when he first began work. He knew that when he was telegraphing the oldtimers always had the answer before he could get his mouth shut. So, when an operator said, "Coming east," he was fast with, "No more." The only thing missing was the thought of the mature dispatcher. About the time the train was passing the station, he'd swear and ring the opera-

tor frantically, and maybe he'd say:

"See if you can get a note up to the rear end for the conductor to call me from Trowbridge."

He had finally waked up to the fact that the train could not proceed beyond the next siding. Had he been thinking, he would have told the operator, "19 copy three," instead of, "No more!"

Since we have established the fact that the subjective processes are the most important part of the dispatcher's work, the checking of a train-order repetition becomes difficult, chiefly because it is monotonous.

The dispatcher's mind switches so quickly from seeing, to hearing, and back that this would be infallible if he could concentrate on the repetition. He can't.

As he checks the repetition, his mind keeps turning inward to consider the many problems he faces. He must have his next order planned before this one is finished, so that no time is lost.

Thus, switching from objective to subjective and back, and from seeing to hearing, the gaps of consciousness are widened sufficiently to permit an error to escape him. And, strangely, he is more likely to catch an error in repetition than he is to detect the omission of an entire line of an order.

To a lesser degree, the operators face the same thing, although they do not work under the pressure common to dispatching.

When I first started dispatching on the Texas & New Orleans at Houston, I worked under a chief named Nethery. One day he came into the office while I was figuring a meeting point between two passenger trains, one of which was late. Glancing at the sheet, he said, "Make the meet at Beaumont."

Then he left the office and I went right on with my figuring. After all, I thought, the man had only paused for a second and hadn't had time to decide correctly. This was confirmed, to my satisfaction when my final figures showed the meeting point to be the first siding east of Beaumont. That's where I made it.

Too late I discovered that I, not Mr. Nethery, had erred. I had dropped ten minutes in figuring the running time of one train, and the meet proved a bum one. The chief really chewed on me for not doing as I'd been told.

It was many years afterward, when I was breaking in a student, that I first realized how exasperated Mr. Nethery must have been, and I sympathized with him.

A seasoned dispatcher figures out the answers to complicated situations almost instantaneously, while the student fumbles, trying to grasp and digest a problem before solving it. It takes from three to five years for a man to force his mental processes up to the required speed for good dispatching—and only a young fellow can do this safely. Men past middle age are not flexible enough for such acceleration.

THE DISPATCHER involved in the Red Branch collision was an oldtimer, and a good one. The order was issued only to two stations—Crockett and Dodge. In transmitting it he sent the first line and signed the order, and said immediately: "Break. Add to the order: No. 21 hold main track at Red Branch." Then he signed it again with the chief dispatcher's initials. Which doesn't appear to be any great sin, but let's see what happened.

The operator at Crockett got the whole order and repeated it in full. So far, so good.

However, down at Dodge, just as the dispatcher signed the order for the first time, an off-duty operator walked into the office and spoke to the agent. There was some conversation between them until the dispatcher said: "Go ahead, Dodge."

The agent preceded his repetition with the word "check," indicating that he had checked Crockett's repetition and found it to agree with his copy. Thereupon the operator at Crockett left the telephone to sell tickets.

The dispatcher was the only person checking Dodge's repetition. Later, at the investigation, he testified that it had been repeated correctly, in its entirety, before he made it complete and cleared train No. 22.

The agent at Dodge said that he never got the last line of the order nor heard Crockett repeat the last line, and that he never repeated the last line because he hadn't heard it; that the order was delivered to No. 22 in its original form and just as he had repeated it. And he had a witness in the visiting operator who backed up the agent's statements.

On more than one occasion, I have started to make an order complete when an operator stopped repeating, certain that he had repeated it all, only to have him go ahead and repeat another line. Those "gaps of consciousness" make such things possible, together with other mental quirks against which all of us must guard.

By association, a dispatcher who decides he will do something at a given time may get the idea that he has actually done it after the said given time has passed. If he visualizes a train by a station at a certain time, actually he may believe it has passed. Thus, he must keep a continuous check.

No psychological tests have ever been made to determine how many lines of reasoning a train dispatcher can carry without danger of slipping up on something important—that is, how much of a work-load he can carry safely.

Reasonably good health is essential to precision thinking. If a dispatcher is forced to work when sick, or at a speed which quickly exhausts his normal body energy, strange things happen.

During World War II, I was called to relieve a dispatcher who had headed up two freights in Feather River Canyon between Poe and David, Calif. on the Western Pacific. The trains hit with such impact that forty-two cars of the downhill freight jumped the track. That earth-shaking collision was sufficient to bring in a dirt and rock slide that buried Oscar Hearing one of the engineers. Nearly three hours passed before they found him.

Says Oscar: "I yelled loudly but couldn't make them hear. They were

walking all around on top of me."

Oscar was black and blue when they finally dug him out and the thing that saved his life was a cattle car behind the engine of the downhill train. On impact, this car had burst open, killing most of the steers. Oscar fell alongside one of the carcases in such a way that he formed an air pocket when the slide covered them.

The dispatcher I had relieved didn't leave the office until after they found Engineer Hearing, although he was sick in more ways than one. He had tried to lay off that day because of a virus infection. However, it was wartime and manpower was scarce.

IN THOSE DAYS, we were still working the Canyon in train order, and this fellow had devised more ways to avoid stopping a train to sign a 31 order than any other man I ever knew. One of his pet tricks was to put out a 31 far ahead of a train. Then, if he gave the train a helping order on 19 form, he would transfer the contents of the 31 to the 19 order and annul the 31. Which isn't exactly according to Rule 202. Don't jump to the conclusion that he wasn't the kind of dispatcher who could move trains. On the contrary, he did a real job of getting them over the road.

If and when you resort to such tricks, you carry the railroad solely in your head. The men on the trains have no means of checking your work because of the manner in which you issue the orders.

On this day, he placed an order for two west-bound extras at Pulga, giving both a meet with an eastward extra at Poe. When the trains got closer together he saw the Poe meet would stand up for the first westbound extra. However, the meet between the second westbound and the eastward extra stood at Cresta instead of Poe. He intended to leave the order up at Pulga for the first westbound extra to sign, and then annul it.

But prior to the time the first westbound got to Pulga the operator asked the DS if he wanted to annul the 31 order. That was when a mental cog slipped. The dispatcher got the notion that he had transferred both meets contained in the 31 to other orders; and, without taking time to check and be sure, he annulled the 31 at Pulga.

The first westbound extra, which should have received the order at Pulga, dangled by and hit the eastbound extra, which the latter's crew had not even known was on the railroad.

Had the dispatcher not been sick, this probably would not have happened. Even so, "order jugglers" usually wind up this way for one reason or another because nobody can check their work until it is too late.

When a dispatcher feels his mind is slipping, he knows that the only thing for him to do is leave his desk and relax for a few minutes until he regains control of it. That process is known variously as auto-conditioning or the "coffee break." But the reaction of the young dispatcher is either to turn on the last ounce of energy in order to force his mind to function, or else become frightened. Either way, the result is the same—the mind blanks out. One minute you have a railroad full of trains in your head, the next, you don't if you're a train dispatcher, or two monkeys in a coconut tree.

A dispatcher must be able to fight a losing battle against hopeless odds for eight straight hours, for there are times when he's called upon to do this. Things get progressively worse in spite of a man's best efforts.

The veteran dispatcher, whose mind operates at top speed, can work circles around the student, with his slower mental faculties. That is the main reason why a railroad spends about $25,000 to make a dispatcher. The only way to learn how to dispatch trains efficiently is to do it—and years are required to force the average mind up to top speed.

If you last that long and still keep going, you can finally call yourself a train dispatcher. But I would call you a mental freak. That's the proper term to describe an oldtimer like me. ●

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TRANSIT TOPICS

by STEVE MAGUIRE

Associated Press

Trolley graveyard at San Pedro, Calif.: scores of Pacific Electric cars, mostly from Hollywood Boulevard line, piled three deep, waiting for the blow-torch.

RAPID TRANSIT, as exemplified in New York, Chicago, Cleveland and Boston, is the most practical way to move people to and from the congested centers of large metropolises. This fact was emphasized at a recent meeting of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers in San Francisco.

STEVE MAGUIRE

Five rapid-transit experts discussed technical developments in motors and in lightweight cars and predicted that more and more cities would turn to swiftly-moving lightweight trains to solve their transportation difficulties.

They reported on new transit equipment in New York, Chicago, Cleveland, and Boston, and gave a brief description of projected rapid transit in the San Francisco area. They pointed out that Chicago placed 200 lightweight rapid-transit cars in service in 1950 and 1951, and in 1953 started to convert standard PCC cars to lightweight rapid transit.

Forty new lightweight cars are now operating on the new East Boston Tunnel line, and sixty-eight on the new Cleveland Transit System line.

A CHEERING item, clipped from a Pittsburgh, Pa., newspaper, comes from Don Slick. Here it is:

A way finally has been found to recapture the vanishing trolley rider. It's simple. Just eliminate downtown parking.

Since one-third of the Monongahela wharf parking space was eliminated by Parkway construction, trolley business has been increasing at the south end of the Mt. Washington tunnel.

For the first time, the 150*-space Pittsburgh Railways lot on Warrington Avenue has been filled to overflowing.*

Company officials theorize that motorists who formerly parked on the low-cost wharf (35 cents) and can't get in, now are parking on the fringe lot (for free) and riding the rest of the way to town by trolley.

Two other free Railways' parking lots in outlying areas also are doing a good "business."

In some cities, municipal lots are established in outlying areas with shuttle service to town—thus reducing traffic and helping mass transit.

NEWARK, N. J., city subway, which Mayor Carlin once called "one of our best-kept secrets," is now carrying 4,808,420 passengers annually—an increase of 1,300,000 over a three-year period.

The 30 PCC cars added to the subway's fleet make a 12-minute run between downtown Newark and the outskirts over four miles of open track, including nine stops enroute, states the Newark *Star-Ledger*.

It is to Mayor Carlin's credit that he saw the subway's value and steadfastly argued for its continuance, back in the years when Public Service was trying to get rid of all rail service, subway or surface. PS even considered putting trackless trolleys in the underground, but diesel buses pushed them off the streets and couldn't be run in the subway without nearly asphyxiating the passengers.

PS vice-president James Symington is quoted as saying: "The new PCC cars are responsible for increased use of the subway. Another factor is that many persons have come to realize they could get from the Branch Brook Park section to downtown Newark in a fraction of the time it takes to go by automobile."

Willard B. Edson

Fifty years ago: "money wagon" of the old Toledo Railways & Light Company.

Mayor Carlin, too, blesses the subway patrons who leave their cars at parking spots near subway stations: "If we could double the number of persons doing this," he says, "it would go a long way toward taking automobiles off our downtown streets."

Like the city officials, Mr. Symington is convinced that the subway's economic value is such that the line must continue to function even though Public Service claims to be losing money on it. "All subways lose money," he states bluntly, "but each one is something a city cannot do without."

MEANWHILE, at Boston, Mass., the Fellsway and Arlington Heights lines of the Metropolitan Transit Authority have been changed from rail to bus operation, laments John F. Bromley, 32 North Drive, Toronto 13, Canada.

Except for about 30 type 5 cars, all Boston streetcars now are PCC's. The few older cars are used occasionally on the Watertown-Subway, Arborway, and Heath Street routes and all of them carry Tomlinson couplers for subway operation.

A PAY-CAR was in service for many years on the Milwaukee streetcar lines, writes Alan Hansis, 4440 S. 35th St., Milwaukee, Wis. An early money car, numbered 37, was replaced in 1928 by car 497, which handled payrolls until 1935. Then came motorization, and 497 was scrapped.

The United Electric Rys. pay-car began operating in 1898, not 1908, says Roger Breslow, Providence, R. I., correcting our statement in a recent issue. There were pay-cars also in St. Louis and Pittsburgh. The Pittsburgh car was built by Pullman in 1894 and last numbered M-1. A few years ago the Pittsburgh Electric Railway Club bought it and took it to their trolley museum at Arden, Pa., along the abandoned Washington interurban line.

The pay-car of the Toledo Railways & Light Co. (see photo) burnished Toledo rails from about 1901 to 1912, according to Willard B. Edson.

"Built at the company's Central Avenue shops," he tells us, "the car was later converted to a sand car and was scrapped about 20 years ago. It called at all barns—four or five—and also paid employes of the subsidiary Toledo, Maumee & Perrysburg Ry. Each man received in advance a ticket stating how much money he'd get. When the car arrived he would enter at the rear, show the card, receive his pay—the company paid mostly in $5, $10, and $20 gold pieces—and leave by the front door."

Incidentally, our correspondent operates a two-foot-gage trolley line, the Toledo Electric, at his home, 1008 Eton Rd., Toledo, Ohio.

TROLLEY modelers are invited to tell us briefly about their layouts and the equipment they have built. The *Official Guide of the National Model Railroad Association* lists a total of 72 model trolley pikes, of which 55 are HO gage, 13 are O gage, 3 third-rail tinplaters, and one S gage.

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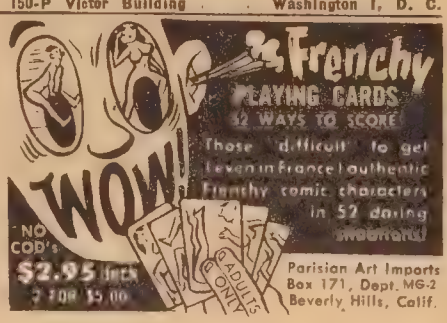

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St. Louis men work on subway car which will roll on own wheels to New York.

New Jersey, and Canada, 3 in Oregon, 2 apiece in Wisconsin, Maryland, New York, and England, and one apiece in Virginia, Maine, Minnesota, Florida, Connecticut, Texas, Rhode Island, and District of Columbia.

"Of course, there are other trolley modelers who do not belong to the NMRA," comments Russell S. Lyle, 19 W. Beechwood Ave., Dayton, Ohio. Russell's own trolley pike is the Fairview & Western, HO gage. He suggests an interchange of trolley-pike passes.

WHO knows any good trolley-car jokes? Several readers say they'd like to see a little humor in *Transit Topics*. To start the ball rolling, here's one we picked up from *Sparks & Cinders*, published by Milwaukee Chapter, NRHS, Milwaukee, Wisconsin:

A man got a job as streetcar motorman, and at the end of the first day his wife asked: "Well, how do you like it?"

"Fine!" he said. "Everybody is so friendly. Why, at almost every corner the people stood out on safety islands and waved at me as I cruised by in my trolley."

DENVER TRAMWAYS car 70, last of the fleet of narrow-gage trolleys that used to run in the mile-high city, was given to the town of Englewood when the Denver lines quit, we learn from Pfc. John R. Stevens, Fort Carson, Colo., who continues:

"It was set up on a length of rail near the town park, but new home construction recently resulted in the famous old car being dragged ignominiously into open space and its body dumped off the trucks. Obviously, the local fans are not very active in seeing that historic cars are preserved. Their own car, while still standing upright, has had all of its glass smashed out, and no effort was made to board it up for protection."

Last year Stevens bought a Toronto single-truck passenger car which had been used as rail-grinder W-24. He shipped it to the Branford, Conn., operating trolley museum where it has been repainted its former Toronto Railway colors, maroon and cream, and given its original number, 1706.

FOR THE FIRST TIME, subway cars built by the St. Louis Car Co. were transported from St. Louis to New York on their own wheels, over Pennsy tracks, in a movement to speed up delivery of the most recent order for 650 new subway cars for New York.

In order to attach the new cars onto the freight train, whose couplers do not fit those of the subway cars, it was necessary to obtain two *transition* cars, each equipped with a subway coupler on one end and a railroad coupler on the other end. Several restrictions were imposed. These included carrying the cars at the end of the train, 50 mph speed limit, and no humping or pushing the cars. Nevertheless, they arrived at the Pennsy's Greenville yards far ahead of the usual time on flat cars. Then they were carried across to Bay Ridge on New Haven barges and moved to 239th Street yards via Hell Gate Bridge. Thus ended what is probably the longest trip these cars will ever make.

ANOTHER Canadian trolley has crossed the international border for preservation in a trolley museum. This one is British Columbia Electric 1304, which had been making the long Chilliwack interurban run for nearly 40 years, until the line was dieselized in 1954.

No. 1404 takes its place of honor along with nine other old trolleys owned by the Willamette Valley Electric Railfan Association, which is now building three miles of trackage near Foreast Grove, Ore., for future operation.

Although the car is a wooden oldtimer, said to have covered a million miles while operating on the BCE, Frank Douglas of Hope, N. C., Canada, says it is still in very good condition. Eleven years ago it was damaged by fire on its Chilliwak run but it has since been rebuilt.

NEW PUBLICATIONS include the interesting story of Cleveland's trolley

Pfc. John R. Stevens

Toronto car, bought by Stevens; now at Branford, Conn., trolley museum.

system, 42 pages, beautifully illustrated, published by the author, S. P. Morse, 3804 Fernhill Ave., Baltimore, Md., and selling at $5 a copy. This attractive little book, entitled *Cleveland Streetcars,* gives a detailed account of the many trolley lines that ran on the city's large system and on interurban lines radiating from it; also the movements of cars which Cleveland Railways sold to other lines in the States and Canada.

AN OUT-OF-THE-ORDINARY booklet, 28 pages, well illustrated, covering the steam tramway lines in and around Sydney, Australia, has just been published by the New South Wales Steam Tram & Railway Preservation Society, c/o B. T. McDonald, 18 Shortland Ave., Homebush, N.S.W., Australia.

Although very few steam-dummy lines ever operated in North America, a large network of them flourished "down under," especially in Sydney and environs. For the most part, those were strictly streetcar operations, although powered by steam dummy locomotives instead of electricity. Some hauled trailer cars that were identical with trolleys of other Australian lines. Eventually they were converted to trolley routes or abandoned.

Steam fans will be interested in knowing that Baldwin Locomotive Works built at least 100 of the dummy engines, and the rest, copied from these, were built in Australia. Copies of the booklet can be had from Mr. McDonald at 40 cents each.

RAIL CITY MUSEUM at Sands Point, N. Y., in addition to its railroadiana, has become a haven for old Rochester, N. Y., streetcars, thanks to Dr. Stanley A. Groman of Syracuse and the Rochester Chapter of the National Railroad Historical Society.

Even before service ended on Rochester's subway line, a real oldtime bobtail horsecar and a trolley from the city's last days of surface rail transportation were rescued by NRHS fans. They had been housed in the Rochester Museum of Fine Arts at Edgerton Park, but in a building that was scheduled to be razed to permit the construction of new dwellings.

There seemed to be no place in Rochester for the cars to be stored or exhibited, so it looked as if they would have to be scrapped. But the local NRHS group stepped in and arranged for them to be sent to the public-spirited Dr. Groman as a long-term loan.

We understand that several Rochester subway cars also are being taken to the museum at Sands Point.

SAN FRANCISCO may soon have 61 new PCC cars. Herb Danneman of Milwaukee reports that the Public Utilities Commission has approved the purchase of this number to serve the Twin Peaks Tunnel car lines.

And in Milwaukee, an employes' strike held up abandonment of Route 11. Many old cars (800's) went back in service for the current baseball season.

THE GHOST of an old-time interurban line is still hovering about, according to Bill Crelley, who sends us news of the 28th annual reunion of Cleveland, Painesville & Eastern employes, held recently at Painesville, Ohio.

Though the CP&E stopped operating in 1926, its former employes formed an association in 1928 and have been meeting each year since then. The group started with about 200 members, but now only 65 or so attend the reunions.

C. F. Wood, secretary of the association, struck a familiar note in saying: "There's just something about railroading that gets hold of a fellow for the rest of his life, no matter what other business he goes into afterward."

The CP&E opened service July 4, 1896, and eventually ran to Painesville, Madison, Geneva, and Ashtabula, with one branch to Willoughby Beach and another from Painesville to Fairport. A short segment of track in Ashtabula was continued in service by the city, using Birney cars until 1937.

We understand from Richard Steinmetz, NRHS member in the Harrisburg area, that employes of the Valley Railways that ran out of Lemoyne, Pa., also have had annual outings since the line quit in the 1930's and even published a bulletin.

If there are any other groups of extraction employes, we would like to know about them.

AUSTRALIA. Our June issue carried a photo of a trolley with a counterbalance car that was operating in Sydney, N.S.W. We learn now that this unusual equipment has been abandoned and—you guessed it—a bus has taken over.

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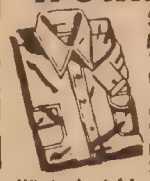

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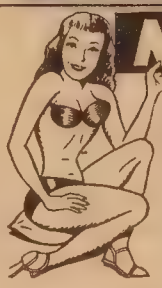

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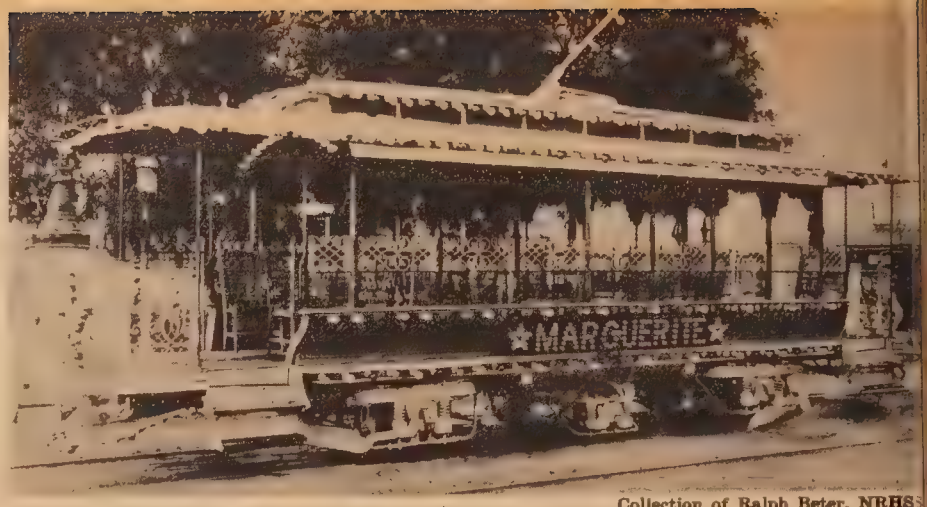
The operation included a dummy trolley attached to a cable which, in turn, was connected to an underground counterweight. This car governed the speed of trolleys descending the steep grade and assisted them on the trip back uphill. The cable was underneath the street. These facts come from Ken McCarthy of Loftus via Sutherland, N.S.W. He also sends us the interesting news that only eight Birney cars were ever shipped to Australia and all of them are in service today. Two cars on the Melbourne, Australia, system, Nos. 217 and 218, were bought new and are still in use. The other six, now running in Bendigo, were transferred from the Geelong system, which, in turn had bought four from Port Adelaide which purchased them new years ago.

REPORTING on his recent South American trip, Allan H. Berner, Baldwin, N. Y., says that Lima, Peru, has in service several types of streetcars that were built in U.S. and possibly came from now-abandoned North American systems. These include old Third Avenue Railway cars and heavy railroad-roof types that the St. Louis Car Co. built for interurban service, as well as wooden city cars and others of the Brill master-unit design.

Mexico City has former Detroit PCCs in operation. These have replaced many older cars and all of the little single-truckers that used to operate in the capitol city. But of even more interest was Mr. Berner's trip to Vera Cruz, which seemed like going back 40 years in time. With single-trucked open cars rattling back and forth through the city, he says, it is a juice-fan's paradise.

Incidentally, we do not know whether or not the Tampico, Mexico, trolley line outlasted the last severe hurricane that inundated the city. Who knows?



Collection of Ralph Beter, NRHS

***Marguerite* was a jolly trolley, and Milwaukee picnickers loved her, 50 years ago.**

"AROUND the turn of the century," writes E. J. Quinby, president of the Branford (Conn.) Electric Railway, "the ornate excursion trolley named *Marguerite* carried gay charter parties around the streets of Milwaukee and out through the suburbs to picnic groves and amusement parks. The *Marguerite* was an unusual car in many respects, including her strange six-wheel Robinson radial truck, whose middle (idler) wheels were mounted on an axle that could slide sidewise to negotiate curves.

"*Marguerite's* platforms were surrounded by fancy brass grillework instead of solid dashboards. Festoons of electric bulbs outlined her entire body and extended all the way up her trolley pole, outlined her name and stars along both sides plus larger stars surrounding each headlight.

"Designed as an open 'breezer' she had no hard benches, for she accommodated 35 passengers in individual wicker chairs. Her entire deck could be cleared for dancing to a brass band—and often was. Sometimes a keg of Milwaukee's famous brew went along for the ride. The railway company charged $15 for the entire evening, which included the services of a motorman and conductor. If the trip extended beyond the usual time for powerhouse shutdown, the charge was $3 per hour for overtime. What have we today to equal that value?"

Allan H. Berner, 28 Lancaster Ave., Baldwin, L.I., N.Y.

Now running in Lima, Peru: No. 247, built by St. Louis Car Co. She used to run on an interurban line in U. S. A., but who can tell us which one?

BROOKLYN'S Fulton Street El in Greater New York finished operating its last C-type cars on April 27, reports R. Moncrief, 137-6 95th St., Ozone Park, N. Y. He adds:

"The last ones were Nos. 1511-1519. The C was a three-car unit. The A and C types were motors converted from open enders at Coney Island in 1907. The B types were of 1893 vintage. I want to hear from readers who can supply information on the old New York, Westchester & Boston, some of whose former equipment is being used today by the Dyre and IRT shuttle."

A lengthy history of Fulton Street El, reprinted from the *Brooklyn Eagle*, has been issued in mimeographed form by Electric Railroaders' Association, New York Division, 145 Greenwich Street, New York City.

Steve Maguire, 802 10th Ave., Belmar, N. J.
Recent fantrip on Iowa prairie. The CERA chartered car No. 100 of the old Waterloo, Cedar Falls & Northern RR., now called the Waterloo Railroad.

AFTER BUYING Illinois Terminal Railroad car 234, formerly the private car *Champaign*, together with some interesting old interurban documents, railfan M. H. Klebolt needs a little cash to maintain it. So he wants to sell some of the documents, namely train-sheets for 1923 and blueprints of the cars. The sheets show all extra trains. Anyone wishing to buy such material should contact Richard P. Stair, secretary of the Illinois Railroad Club, 404 W. Hill St., Champaign, Ill.

WHO can answer this? "Most of America's great interurban lines were, or are, located in the country's tornado belt—Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, etc.," writes David W. Herb, 380 Benefit St., Providence, R. I., "but I have never heard of an interurban line hit by a tornado. Has any reader heard of one being hit?"

DIESELIZATION of juice freight lines is continuing. Dwight A. Smith, Jr., general manager of the Springfield Terminal Ry. (that once ran passenger cars between Springfield, Vt., and Charleston, N. H.) tells us that his company is replacing its juice operation with a GE 44-ton diesel-electric switcher ordered for delivery this August. The wires will come down and the two 50-ton electric locomotives, line car, service car, and snowplow will be put out to pasture. Thus ends the last electric railway operation in Vermont and New Hampshire.

With the report that the ICC is permitting the Rock Island and the Illinois Central jointly to purchase the Waterloo, Cedar Falls & Northern comes an announcement that the equipment will be "modernized" to improve service. In other words, diesels will replace the juice hogs. The Iowa traction line has been renamed the Waterloo Railroad.

AS SOON as the Illinois Terminal RR quit interurban passenger service, they scrapped all but one electric locomotive and all line cars, writes Paul M. Weyrich, Racine, Wis. "What are they going to do if a wire breaks on the Granite City streetcar line—practice tight-rope walking?" he asks.

The single ITRR juice engine is kept at Champaign for switching. The North Shore line was interested in purchasing a few electric locomotives, Paul adds, but all were gone before they had a chance to ask about them. The streamlined passenger cars that cost a million dollars ten years ago apparently will be scrapped, since no other electric line in Illinois can use them. Two old cars were saved through their purchase by the Illinois Electric Railway Museum at North Chicago. ●

Next Issue — December — Out Oct. 2

Illustrated feature: "Pacific Great Eastern," newly completed, by R. Clayton Jones, Vancouver, B. C.

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Last live mile for the Union Pacific's final 4-12-2, No. 9000: the favorite black-and-white shot of Don Lidikay, who has charge of UP photo activities around Los Angeles and made the colorphoto on our current front cover.

MAIL CAR

(Continued from page 8)

"Each issue of *Railroad* should carry at least two fiction stories. Your train-order problems and switching problems, especially Bill Knapke's, intrigue me. Your *Mail Car* needs more of those fine little anecdotes such as E. H. DeGroot writes occasionally. The old issues had them a-plenty. Why, in the mid-thirties, steeped in lore from your magazine, I would gladly have become even a gandy dancer in order to get back on the railroad.

"I read with great interest your article, '100 Years of Circus Trains.' It recalls the time I billed a circus train and was paid the freight charges, $350, in a bagfull of loose quarters and halves, taken in at the office. Out of curiosity I weighed the bag—35 pounds!" ●

FRONT COVER this month, shot by Don Lidikay, shows a brakeman signaling his hogger from the front of an Electro-Motive GP in the Union Pacific's East Los Angeles yard.

Don Lidikay

Don heads the UP's photo activities in the Los Angeles area. He started railroading in 1935 as night messenger at the UP's Denver freight house, becoming yard clerk, crew dispatcher, and assistant chief clerk, and all the while hobbying with a camera and doing free-lance work for the road's claims and mechanical departments.

UP photo chief Bill Coons, of Omaha, encouraged Don, gave him photo tips and eventually began assigning work to him. Says Don: "The only professional instruction I ever had was from Bill and his boys. No railroad camera man needs a better background than that."

With World War II, he moved easily into Military Railway Service as a photographer and for three years he trooped through 16 countries of Europe and Africa. Later, he joined Chicago & North Western and started that road's photo department. In 1950, back to Union Pacific as a camera man, he worked out of Omaha and then L.A. You can see two of his color shots on the UP's 1956 calendar.

Don comes from a railroading family. His father was a UP machinist, his brother-in-law a UP hogger, and his sister Marjorie a CB&Q telephone operator. His wife, Phyllis, is a UP traffic department clerk and one of the prettiest girls on the railroad. More than once she has modeled for Union Pacific pictures. They live at 513 Las Flores Drive in South Pasadena.

For serious shots Don uses a speed Graphic or a 4x5 Linhof, but for story jobs he prefers a Rolliflex. Practically everything he shoots in black and white is duplicated in color.

"If I were pinned down," he tells us, "I think my favorite railroad picture is one that I made last May third. It's one of the last photos ever made of a 9000 in action. All but one of those 4-12-2's have been scrapped, but the original, No. 9000, was run light from Cheyenne to Los Angeles, where Union Pacific presented it to the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, Southern California Chapter, for their display at the Los Angeles County fair grounds. I made the picture as a dispatcher gave the green after a meet with an eastbound manifest. An hour later, her fire was dropped for the last time." ●

"MIXED TRAINS are becoming rare," writes Kenneth Rockwell, 69 Cortland St., Norwich, N. Y. "One survival is the Lehigh Valley's weekday round trip on a 50-mile branch between Cortland and Canastota, N. Y., powered by a diesel, with passengers and train crew occasionally riding a combine on the rear end. There are several station and freight-switching

stops. This passenger schedule has been omitted from recent timetables and *The Official Guide.* Who knows of other mixed trains operating today?" ●

FEW railroad journalists are better known than Frank Donovan, Jr., author of "Canyon War." Born at Philadelphia, Pa., in 1909, Frank is now living at 114 W. 45th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Frank Donovan, Jr.

He began professional writing with a piece on Brooklyn's streamlined trolleys in the *New York Times* in the travel section in 1936. His second appearance in print was a compilation of rail fiction books in *Railroad Magazine* (Feb. '37). Since then, we have published a dozen of his articles.

Frank has also contributed to *Trains, Railway Age, Modern Railroads, Wheels, Tracks,* and *Railway Progress,* as well as the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society *Bulletin* and a long list of non-rail publications. He served two years on *Trains'* editorial staff.

"The most fun I've ever had," he recalls, "was gathering material for my book on the Minneapolis & St. Louis, *Mileposts on the Prairie.* I rode over every foot of the road— about 300 miles by section motor-car, 500 or more in engine cabs or cabooses, and the rest in passenger coaches. It was quite a thrill to cover the abandoned section of what had been the system's westernmost part, including the ghost town of Le Beau, S. D."

He has had four other railroad books published. The best known of them, *Headlights and Markers,* a railroad story anthology, he co-edited with Robert S. Henry. Frank thinks that his own railroad library, about 1,000 volumes, covers more phases of the industry than any other private library in the world. He has worked in various capacities for the Pacific Electric, the Railway Express Agency, the M&StL, and the Association of American Railroads. ●

HAGENBECK & WALLACE circus-train wreck of June 22, 1918, as described in "100 Years of Circus Trains," had a poignant meaning for Fred Bailey Thompson, Clarkston, Ga., because, he writes:

"I was on that train and can never forget it. In fact, I think I am the only person alive today who was in that smashup. All the troupers who perished there are buried in Showman's Rest Cemetery, Chicago. This tragedy was used as the basis of the wreck scene in the movie *The Greatest Show on Earth,* although the actual carnage was too gruesome to be followed closely."

Mr. Thompson has had much first-hand experience with circus trains, which is embodied in his four published books, especially *My 20 Years on the Circus.*

"I appreciate your Lillian Leitzel story in the same article," he continues. "All you say about her is true. I was on the show with Lillian, know her very well, and did publicity for her. She was a truly great star, beautiful, dainty, and one of the sweetest persons you'd want to meet.

"I also enjoyed your 'Saga of the Elephants' (same issue). My book, *Animals Have Tails,* has a story about Old Mom, one of the gallant characters in your article. I told how that famous elephant died in the wreck of 1918. Old Mom had a heart of gold. She tried to help on that occasion, even though she was fatally hurt." ●

WHAT is America's No. 1 railroad problem? Our June issue carried a list of condensed replies to the question the magazine *Modern Railroads* received from rail executives. We asked our own readers to comment. Here are a few excerpts:

"Greatest railroad problem is the delay in passenger transportation and the infrequency in passenger schedules," writes Dr. George T. F. Rahilly, 100 S.E. 15th Ave., Fort Lauderdale, Fla. "I live in a remote area at almost the southern tip of the United States. Twice a year, at least, I go to New York, Chicago, or San Francisco. I would rather ride a train, particularly since the last time I was in a commercial airliner it caught fire while landing, but train schedules are so poor that I cannot conveniently plan a trip by rail from where I live. Maybe the answer to this problem would be the Talgo-type train with high-priority routings and only short stops."

The railroad employes' viewpoint is reflected in these tips from Edward C. Hoyes, Southern Pacific switchman, 7539 Juneau Way, South Highlands, Calif.:

(1) Raise wages of employes on a 5-day week to the standards set by other big industries.

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(2) Don't be so stingy with the passes given to employees, in many cases limited to one division.

(3) Better safety conditions. Three brakemen are not enough for a train of 114 or more cars.

(4) Tell young men the truth when they first hire out. Tell them there are slow seasons when they'll probably be forced to buck the extra board or even laid off indefinitely.

Another employe, John Heuzer of Los Angeles, sizes up the situation thus:

(1) Competing forms of transportation have unfair advantages which should be corrected by legislation.

(2) Too many roads have too few locomotives and cars.

(3) Taxes should be equalized to give the roads a better break. The tax on railroad fares should be dropped.

(4) Operating rules should be made more realistic. Every time a train or yard cut moves, a dozen rules are broken. ●

LOCOMOTIVES interest Warren D. Stowman, 2011 W. Godfrey Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., who writes: "The Lehigh Valley had a group of 0-8-0 engines, with tenders, which in 1905 were classified G-7. Eventually, one of them was rebuilt as a steam dummy. Some were rebuilt as saddle-tankers, others as Camelbacks, and the rest remained 0-6-0's, perhaps given new boilers. It seems strange that no matter how they were rebuilt, each was listed only as G-7, with no sub-classification.

"Changing the subject: Of all the 200 Russian 2-10-0's that roamed much of the United States on the Erie and other Class 1 roads and on short lines down South, I never heard of one that was saved from being scrapped, nor have I ever seen scale drawings of any of them nor has a model of any come to my attention." ●

WALT DISNEY's first real job was news butchering on the Rock Island between Chicago and Kansas City at age 15, selling newspapers magazines, fruit, candy, and peanuts A hungry boy, he ate up most of his small profits. But he loved it. He liked to hang nonchalantly on the train steps as it rolled into the station—and he was proud of his uniform. Sometimes he'd ride the tender, buying that privilege with a cigar he gave the engineer.

When he grew up he became an artist and then a movie producer. Since 19[illegible] he has made 30 feature-length film[illegible] winning a long list of distinguish[illegible] awards. His latest picture, *The Gre[illegible] Locomotive Chase*, done in technicol[illegible] photography, is, we think, the greate[illegible] feature-length railroad film ev[illegible] screened.

A PAIR of thrushes began their ma[illegible] ried life last spring on a railwa[illegible] horse-box (car for shipping horses) [illegible] the Holyhead station in Anglesey, En[illegible] land, but laid and hatched their eg[illegible] 300 miles away. This happened becaus[illegible] the birds had almost finished their nes[illegible] building when the horse-box wa[illegible] coupled onto a train and pulled out c[illegible] town. All day they flew after it, throug[illegible] the Midlands and busy Reading Junc[illegible] tion, until—16 hours and 172,800 wing[illegible] beats later (180 per minute)—the ca[illegible] containing their nest arrived at Eas[illegible] Grinstead in Sussex. There the bird[illegible] settled down and raised a family, re[illegible] ports Joseph Fox, BM/Exn. 3, Londo[illegible] W.C.1, England. ●

SAYS B. A. Boone, chief signal main[illegible] tainer, Union Pacific, Los Angeles: "Regarding the item at the top of thir[illegible]

Answers to Quiz That Appears on Page 36

1. To avoid confusing the Bangor & Aroostook with the Boston & Albany.

2. A brake that works simultaneously on all the vehicles in a train.

3. As early as 1830 out of Charleston, S. C., and Baltimore, Md., and 1831 out of New Orleans, La., and Albany, N. Y.

4. An arrangement of fire-brick in the locomotive fire-pan toward which fuel oil is delivered and which assists in ignition of the oil and deflects the course of the flame.

5. Once every few months.

6. A man who boards a train for the purpose of guiding it and its crew through the maze of tracks and switches in a large complicated yard. For example, rules require that a pilot be used in shuttling trains between Council Bluffs and the Omaha Union Station over Union Pacific tracks and a wye turnaround.

7. The Papal train hasn't moved out of Vatican City since Pope Pius IX rode it to Capua about 75 years ago. It consists of a sleeper, a chapel car, and a veranda car from which His Holiness could bless the crowds. These cars are kept in operating condition and could be used at any time the Pope so desires, in which case a locomotive would probably be borrowed from the Italian National Railways.

8. W. J. Patton of Pueblo, Colo., invented such a car in 1888 and first tested it at Pullman, Ill., with an 8-horsepower engine, attaining a speed of 8 miles per hour.

9. 110 feet per second.

10. In 1941, on the Southern Railway and the Santa Fe.

11. Railroad laborers whose main job is to prevent rocks from rolling down the sides of hills and mountains onto the right-of-way and to remove such obstacles from the tracks.

12. The Oystermouth (or Swansea) & Mumbles Railway, in England, incorporated June 29, 1804, by Act of Parliament and opened for traffic in April, 1806.

13. The train order.

14. Matthias W. Baldwin of Philadelphia completed his first locomotive, and operating steam miniature, April 25, 1831. His first full-sized locomotive was *Old Ironsides*, built for the Philadelphia, Germantown & Norristown Railroad (now part of the Reading) and given a trial run November 23, 1832.

15. George Westinghouse had been experimenting with buffer brakes and chain-operated brakes and the use of a steam-pipe connected with cylinders under each railroad car, but was not satisfied. Then a pretty girl sold him a magazine in which he read about the compressed-air rock drills used in building Mt. Cenis tunnel through the Alps, and that gave him the idea that led eventually to the Westinghouse air brake we know today.

16. Nobody knows for sure. However, a quaint old German book, printed in about 1519, contains a woodcut picture of a mine railroad—the earliest one we know of—with a hand-pushed car operated on tails.

17. In a railway mail car, a compartment for registered mail.

18. The Festiniog Railway, in Wales.

19. The drip pipe from the ice-pan.

20. A steam locomotive of conventional design, except the boiler, which has no firebox. Steam is stored in the boiler front from an outside source and admitted to the cylinders at a reduced pressure as required. It is used where fire and sparks are dangerous. ●

column on page 74 of your June issue: Stop trying to make monkeys out of us with your filthy propaganda ●

WHO was the first brass-pounder to copy train orders on a typewriter? We will probably never get the final answer. But Floyd J. Mattice, 2129 19th St. N., Arlington, Va., recalls how the practice came about on the Lake Erie & Western.

"Back in the 1890s," he says, "there wasn't much for 14-year-old boys to do in winter time at Lima, Ohio, an oil and railroad city, especially since the reservoirs of the LE&W shops seldom froze thick enough for skating. So three or four of us kids hit on an idea for diversion; we strung a wire between our houses and used it as a telegraph line.

"As my father was a passenger conductor on the road, I managed to get for free a sounder, a key, some glass jars, and the necessary vitriol, zinc, and copper. My friends sent away to a New York company for their sounders and keys. We bought No. 12 wire at a local hardware store, swiped brackets and insulators from poles where they were not in use, and soon had our line in working order. We learned the Morse code and put out train orders. My parents said it was the best thing they'd ever seen—to keep me home at night.

"Came spring. I had been hanging around the dispatcher's office Friday and Saturday nights when I didn't have to get up for school the next morning. The night dispatcher and the chief, who lived near us, had taken note of my progress. To my surprise, the chief dispatcher stopped by our home one evening and said, 'I want you to go up to Bluffton on No. 2 and relieve the night operator who is sick.'

" 'Why,' I said, 'I couldn't do that.'

"But the chief insisted. 'Yes, you can; and Mr. Roberts, the night dispatcher, will see that you get along all right. I left a pass for you at the office.'

"So I traveled to Bluffton, the second station east of Lima. The agent was taking care of things at that time. He showed me some book work which the night op was supposed to do, and went on home. I worked on the books all evening. Didn't get a call on the train wire until about one a.m., where I heard 'BF, BF . . . '

"That was it! In fear and trembling I answered 'BF,' knowing full well that it would mean 31 copy 3. And so it did —a meet order for westbound passenger train No. 3 and an eastbound light extra freight.

"Well, I could have read the dispatcher all right but, buck fever having set in, I couldn't put it down. I punched through the tissues with my stylus and otherwise balled up the form. I'd break him, give him the last word I had, and grab and put down the next word or two. Mr. Roberts must have known what I was going through, and was very patient. Finally I had it down, repeated it, and got an OK.

"The passenger-train conductor was my father while his brakeman was my younger brother. There was no rule against having a man and his son on the same crew nor against kid brakemen. I asked Dad to keep his copy of the 31, and I still have it.

"Thus the ice was broken. An hour or so later, when the dispatcher called me for another train order, I put it down without breaking him once.

"Shortly after the Bluffton experience they sent me to Red Key, Ind., to relieve the night operator. I worked that night. Next morning the day man failed to show up and I worked all day, the next night and day, and the third night! By that time I was more than a little drowsy. In those days the tricks were 12 hours long, seven days a week, including Sundays.

"Along about midnight, that third night, while watching the train wire I noted there was nothing on the road between Lima, the division point, and Tipton, Ind., West Yard, the division's western terminal. I asked Lima whether anything had been ordered out. Back came a negative reply. I then called Tipton West Yard and got the same information.

"Lima was 80 miles away and Tipton 30, so I figured I could get some shuteye. I put out my red order board and swung the hand-operated gate across the Lake Erie track where it crossed the Panhandle. That done, I stretched out on the board surface with my ear close to the sounder on the train wire. Finally, away off in the distance, I heard, 'RK—RK.' Arousing myself, I answered it. The dispatcher asked, 'Are you going to OS extra engine No. 555?' Jeez, thought I, how could that extra have gone through?

"I looked out the window. The Panhandle gate had been swung around off the Lake Erie track. My red order board was still out, but I was convinced that something had gone through. So, glancing at the clock and noting that it

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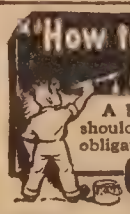

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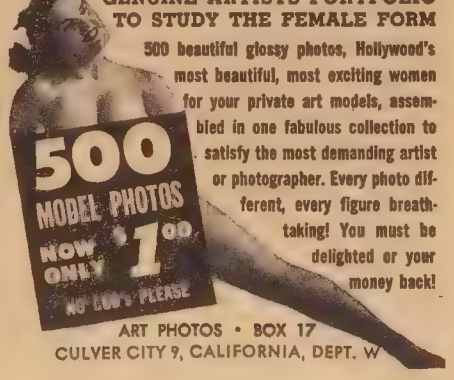

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had only been an hour or so since I raised Tipton West Yard, I figured that the extra must have just gone by. Then, guessing at the time, I OS'd 'em by at about five minutes prior to the time the dispatcher had raised me.

"He then asked me how much of a train they had. Well, he had me there, for I had not seen it. So I said, 'I didn't notice.' He asked me why he hadn't been able to raise me promptly. I said, 'I was outside cleaning the batteries.' But the dispatcher accused: 'I know you are lying. It was a light extra.'

"Later, I learned from its crew that when the engineer had rounded the curve just west of the station and seen the red board and the target, he shut off steam and coasted down to and stopped in front of the depot without making too much noise. The engineer and conductor peered in the window, saw me asleep, noted that nothing was written on either the 31 or 19 pad, and agreed that I had so set the signals in order to get some sleep. So they swung the target gate around and went on through. The dispatcher evidently did not report the incident, for I never heard from it afterward.

"It was while working at RK, using a Fox typewriter which my father had given me, that I started copying train orders on the 'mill.' I received a letter from the super saying it had come to his attention that I was copying train orders on a typewriter and that such practice must cease at once. So I ceased.

"Back in Lima, passing the open door of the super's office one day, he saw me and called, 'Hey, Mattice, come in here! I have been thinking about your copying train orders on a typewriter. Engineers and conductors have told me they like them. That they are easier to read. I am going to put out a bulletin to all operators telling them they may use a typewriter, if they wish.' And that made me very happy." ●

MISS RAILROAD MAGAZINE for the month is a recent high-school grad, Miss Nina Jane Deal, Box 56, Smackover, Ark. This girl is proud of her railroad blood and especially proud of her father, C. L. Deal, who is a Missouri Pacific engineer pulling the *El Dorado Eagle* both ways between El Dorado and Gurdon, Ark.

"My Grandfather Deal used to work on the same division," she tells us. "He was a section boss, a steel-gang foreman, and a roadmaster. Daddy was only 16 when he went firing, March 3, 1903. Three years later he was promoted to the right-hand side of the cab, which made him a very young engineer, and he's been an engineer ever since.

"When Daddy got his first passenger run, long before I was born, Mother

Engineer's daughter: Nina J. Deal

waited for his homecoming that day and saw him walking down the street and ran toward him, waving. And do you know, after all those years, she *still* does it! I have never known her to fail. It seems that Mother hasn't gotten over the schoolgirlish crush she had on the boy-engineer ages ago. Every night when the clock hands get around to 7 p.m. you can see her out in front of the house, waiting for Daddy. In winter, when he reaches home after dark, even though it's cold and snowy, she is there waving a flashlight, and Daddy responds the same way."

Nina is fortunate, indeed, to have such parents. No wonder she made an outstanding record at Smackover High, being class secretary for four years, art editor of her school paper, a senior honor student, and elected by her fellow students as Homecoming Queen.

"Daddy will retire soon," she says. "We are glad that in his 53½ years of railroading he never had a serious accident on the rails—except when he was serving with the 17th U. S. Railway Engineers Operating Battalion in France during World War I, and you'd hardly call that an accident. He dodged plenty of bullets and was wounded more than once, but his narrowest escape came when an enemy shell wrecked his locomotive, killing two men who were also in the cab but throwing Daddy clear of the wreckage.

"Daddy is now running a diesel locomotive but still prefers steam power. I guess he is sentimental. He often buys meals for poor hungry travelers. And every day, for a long time, he would drop off a newspaper to a crippled old Negro who lived in a trackside shack. He and other members of his crew frequently threw out little gifts for the Negro's children. And when Christmas came around they'd fill a large box with toys, nuts, fruit, etc., and stop the train and deliver it to the family that Santa Claus might otherwise forget."

Railroad men are like that. ●

WHAT WOULD *YOU* DO? This authentic train-order problem comes from Thomas O. Acree, Box 724, Hollywood, Calif., a retired Southern Railway train dispatcher:

"I once issued a form 31 order to northbound passenger train No. 34 and the same order on form 19 to southbound passenger train No. 37, reading as follows:

No. Thirty-four (34), engine 1237, take siding and meet No. Thirty-seven (37), engines 1312 and 1324 coupled, at Dry Fork.

"Later, because of a derailment, No. 37 became indefinitely late. No. 34 pulled out of the siding at Dry Fork. Knowing that No. 37 could not move for many hours, I issued a new order to both Nos. 34 and 37, reading as follows:

No. Thirty-seven (37) of Sunday, August 12, has arrived Franklin Junction without signals and is annulled Franklin Junction to Spencer.

The engine on No. 34, after reading the latter order, refused to budge an inch. He said he'd stay in the clear until I gave him an order annulling his positive meet order with No. 37. If *you* had been the dispatcher, would you have given him one?" (Answer on page 78.) ●

MILWAUKEE ROAD passenger trains are flaunting a new color scheme. Instead of the old familiar orange and maroon, they now gleam with "Afternoon Yellow" and "Mist

Gray," plus reflective red Scotchlite striping. The car's numerals also are red Scotchlite. ●

JOE EASLEY'S famous picture page, *Along the Iron Pike*, recently showed a branch crossing the main line of the same railroad. A similar situation exists on the New York, Susquehanna & Western, reports Thomas M. Gilbert, 801 Thompson St., Elmira, N. Y. The Susquehanna's Edgewater branch crosses the main at Little Ferry, N. J., yard, and further on it tunnels through Bergen Hill, passing under a cemetery at Fairview, N. J.

"I seem to recall a Pennsy branch crossing the main stem a short distance out of New York, but I can't remember where," muses William H. Whipple, 558 S. Pershing, Wichita, Kan. Who can tell him?

Leonard Schroeder, Box 308, Brisbane, Calif., writes: "The Burlington Route has—or used to have such a crossing in Wisconsin between Galena Jct. and La Crosse. I saw it 30 years ago. The line was single-tracked and went through a tunnel across Dubuque, Iowa, while the branch turned off the main line south of the tunnel, swung to the east, entered a tunnel of its own, and crossed the main on grade in the main-line tunnel, coming out directly onto a bridge leading west of Dubuque."

There is a similar setup on the Norfolk & Western at Christiansburg, Va.

"At Meriden, Conn., the New Haven main line is crossed by part of what used to be the Westbury & Connecticut River RR.," reports George P. McCallum of the New Haven information staff.

And at Tuscola, Ill., three railroads intersect. The Illinois Central, the Chicago & Eastern Illinois, and the Baltimore & Ohio all pass through Tuscola, each road intersecting the other two. Lincoln, Ill., has a similar intersection. There, the Illinois Central, the Illinois Terminal, and the Burlington meet, each line intersecting the other two. ●

NO RAILROAD STATION in America was at lower sea-lever than the Southern Pacific depot at Salton, Calif. The photo of that building in our June issue brought memories to Bill Knapke, who reports it was torn down at least 10 years ago and Salton is now a blind siding.

"It was from that station," Bill recalls, "that I moved a train by the 'yes or no' method. The story begins when I was braking on the Santa Ana local and received a message from division superintendent H. V. Platt asking, 'Are you a telegraph operator?' I replied: 'No, but can learn if desired.'

"It was desired. So I bought a cheap telegraph set that worked from a dry cell, such as learners use, and got a copy of the Morse code from the Santa Ana operator. Then I began practicing. Pretty soon I could send in a heavy, ham-handed way that an operator with patience could read, but I was lost when it came to receiving messages over the wire.

"In time I was promoted to conductor. One of my first trains was an eastward freight extra, Indio to Yuma. I had a meet order with a westward extra at Salton, which was then a day telegraph office. Heading in at Salton, we waited and waited. No extra. The station door was locked—I learned later that the operator had gone to Imperial Valley for dental treatment—but I found an open window and crawled in. Going to the key, I called the dispatcher, Charlie English. Charlie answered and I tapped out: 'Don't say anything but yes or no. Will extra be here soon?'

" 'No,' he answered, and began to tell me slowly and carefully what had happened. He hadn't got three words out before I was lost. Opening the key again, I repeated: 'Don't say anything but yes or no. Can I go to Bertram?' 'Yes.' 'Will you protect me if I go to Bertram?' 'Yes.' 'OK, I'm gone.'

"I climbed out the window, told my hogger, and away we went. Bertram was a night office. There the dispatcher fixed us against the opposing extra, whose engine had died on them after I left Mecca, the last open office. Maybe my brand of teelgraphy wasn't high class but, by golly, I moved my train—and in those days engineers and conductors took pride in getting out of jackpots." ●

BILL KNAPKE'S switching problem in our June issue listed ten moves for solving it. "I can do it in seven," commented Gordon S. Hamilton, Box 3924, Va. Tech Sta., Blacksburg, Pa., and he itemized them to prove his point.

"He's right," says Bill, somewhat flabbergasted. "I specified ten moves because I was in a Southern Pacific crew that actually made them. But in our case the stem of the wye was very short—it had been built for the purpose of turning a helper engine—and would

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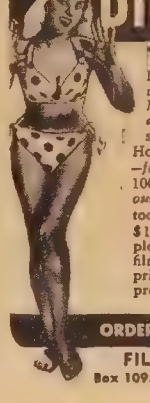

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Pennsylvania Railro

Notice anything different? The Pennsy's new tubular train, *The Keystone*, consists of Budd-built coaches with split le interiors. The short stairway near the rear of each car is duplicated near the front. This lightweight, low-slung, stainle steel train of ultra-modern design went into service June 24 on the main line between New York City and Washingto

hold only one locomotive. With a normal-length wye, however, the job could be done in seven moves, as Gordon Hamilton states." ●

ANSWER to train-order problem on page 76. Tom Acree writes: "One day I was examining a new brakeman and, just for fun, I asked him what he would do under those circumstances. Said he: 'Why, I would pull out and go ahead. That other train wouldn't come back after it was 12 hours late.' He was quite set back when I pointed out that *he*, too, would be 12 hours late and would have no more right than the other fellow.

"I did *not* give No. 34's engineer another order, annulling his positive meet with No. 37, because the rules say:

> **An order once issued remains in effect until fulfilled, superseded, or annulled.**

"No. 34's order had not been fulfilled, superseded, or annulled. However, the rules say also:

> **When a train is annulled by train order or by becoming twelve hours behind its schedule time, it loses all timetable rights and class and can proceed thereafter only by train order.**

"The rules say, in addition, that any outstanding train orders held by a train which is annulled by train order or automatically through becoming twelve hours late become void and are no longer in effect. Consequently, the orders that No. 34 held to meet No. 37 at Dry Fork became void automatically when No. 37 was annulled." ●

Railroad Rimes

HOGHEAD'S LAST REQUEST

A HOGHEAD on his deathbed lay;
His life was ebbing fast away.
His friends around him closely pressed
To hear the hoghead's last request.
He said: "Before I bid adieu
One last request I ask of you:
Before I soar beyond the stars,
Just hook me on to ninety cars.

"And let me on that engine there
See how rough I can handle the air;
Oh, let me at some water tank
Make a big-hole stop, and give a yank.
Then from the corner of my eye
I'll watch the pieces as they fly;
Then, I'll calmly turn aroun'
And watch the dust cloud settle down.

"Oh, let me pull a drawhead out,
Then take my can with its long spout,
And when I'm safely on the ground
I'll take my time and oil around.
Then far behind in that red caboose
I'll hear the conductor cutting loose
A few pet names, as in days of yore
I've heard a thousand times or more.

"Oh, just once more before I'm dead
Let me stand a conductor on his head
And see him crawl from out the wreck
With a window sash hung around his neck,
And when he comes and wants to fight,
I will look so innocent like;
And the old excuse I will proclaim
There's a dynamiter in the train.

"Oh, let the train with drawbars down
Have every crossing blocked in town,
And, when they chain those cars together
Oh, let it be in sloppy weather.
And on my tombstone put no name
If I can't start and break the chain.
And you, kind friends, I'll have to thank
If you let me die at a water tank.

"Let my ears hear that familiar soun'—
The tallow pulling the tank spout down;
Oh, let me hold in my greasy hand
A bunch of waste and my old oil can,
And let me die there on the ground
Where I've spent my life oiling around;
If a hoghead dies with conditions like this
I know he will die in perfect bliss.

"And when at last in the grave I'm laid
Let it be in the water tank shade,
And put within my lifeless hand
A bunch of waste and my old oil can.
A marble slab I do not crave;
Just mark the head of my lonely grave
With a drawbar pointing toward the skies
At the spot where this poor hogger lies."

Then fainter grew the hoghead's breath,
His friends around him closely pressed;
His mind was wandering far away
Perhaps, to some far distant day
When he, a hogger of great renown
Was turning cabooses upside down.
Perhaps his mind had wandered back
To a drawbar lying beside the track.

While he in trying to start the train
Was doing his best to break the chain.
His face lit up with a joyful light
And his soul prepared to take its flight;
His friends bent o'er and called his name.
He smiled and said, "I broke the chain!"
Then, closing his eyes, he said no more.
He was doubling the hill to the other shore.

—Author unknown

CALL OF THE RAILS

I MUST be takin' the rails again.
To the ties and ribbon of steel
And all I ask is a crack freight
And an Oroville beanery meal,
And the wheels click and the cars kick
And the shrill steam shrieking
And a hard bed to rest my head
And the boxcars creaking.

I must be takin' the rails again
For the summer's in the air
My job is gone, my purse is thin
And my wardrobe's nearly bare,
And all I ask is Seattle Red
For a railroad-ridin' buddy,
And a dry spot in a boxcar
When the night's turned muddy.

I must be takin' the rails again
For there's something in my soul
That's callin' me back to the railroad track
And the wheel's uneven roll;
Just give me a buddy like Seattle Red,
A wayside beanery shack,
An empty car and a crack freight
And a thousand miles of track.

—William T. Miller

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RAILROAD HOBBY CLUB

Rail background of Miss Roberta Anthis, 510 E. Kingsbury, Springfield, Mo., includes clerking for the Frisco. Her father is general chairman, Order of Railroad Telegraphers, Frisco system.

TRAIN SOUNDS. A mysterious-looking box usually accompanies the Rev. Father Clement C. Kubesh of the St. Cyril and Methodius Catholic Church when he travels from his parish house in Clarkson, Neb. The box is a tape recorder, rigged with a converter, operating from his auto-battery, reports K. D. Curtis of Hastings, Neb., and the priest makes highly stylized recordings of train sounds.

These records, he maintains, are works of art, designed to tell the story of individual locomotives, their engineers and how they operate and over what kind of terrain. The priest has a large fund of railroad know-how, acquired from years of hobbying. To him, every steam engine whistle has a recognizable quality and each puffing stack has its own "talk."

"There's very little romance in a diesel airhorn," he explains sadly. "It sounds like a sick cow."

He puts on a reel of tape from his huge collection to prove what he means. "Now here's my old friend, Charley Gust of East Grand Forks, Minn., who's been pulling trains on the Northern Pacific for decades. He whistles with finesse. I could tell him among a thousand engineers. Listen—" The recorder sounds two longs, a short toot, a long pause, and then a final long blast. "They never vary. They're precisely produced and spaced."

Father Kubesh plays a reproduction of whistling as done by "Charley's son, Jim." It's the same signal—only different and shorter. "I guess Jim's easier on his firemen."

Father Kubesh plays a record of peculiar beauty and nostalgia. "That's a doubleheader, out of Clarkson. Two ten-wheelers on the Chicago & North Western pulling forty loads and ten empties up a 2½ percent grade. They started out in all their fury, but now you can hear them slowed to a crawl as they near the top of the hump. It's nine o'clock at night, and very still a mile away. The old three-tone whistle echoing off of the hills makes music you can't forget."

One October, Father Kubesh spotted a potato warehouse about a quarter-mile from Drayton, N. D., on the Northern Pacific. Plugging in his recorder, he caught No. 13, a passenger train, and recorded the whistle, stack talk, and bell, while the train was rounding a bend and while rushing by the warehouse. Then, following the train to the Canadian border, he caught the crew as they came off the job, and played back his tape.

"Gad!" said the engineer of the old hand-fired engine. "I didn't know I beat her that hard."

The fireman smiled. "I know I heaved coal—hard!"

The coach-train had gone 32 miles, making two stops and two slow-downs —in 36 minutes. And the deep-toned bull-horning across the October prairie is unforgettable, as the tape recorded it.

A year or so ago, Father Kubesh got unusual cooperation from a Union Pacific crew with a 9000 series Mikado. "Want us to slip her a little, Father?" asked the conductor. Kubesh grinned. So the conductor used the hogger's oil can on the rails. "She really slips on my recording," says the priest.

Among others, he has recordings of the C&NW, the NP, the Great Northern, and the UP. He uses a model T100 Revere tape recorder, which costs about $170, and his converter plugs in his car dash. Tape speed is about 3¾ inches per second, one-quarter-inch width, single track. The recorder weighs 24 pounds, the converter about 30 pounds. ●

RAILFAN of the month is Don Wood, 29 Mt. Haven Drive, Livingston, N. J., whose full-page photo of a Pennsy engine in our August issue made a hit with readers. Don's battery includes a 4x5 speed Graphic plus a Minolta Autocord which he uses for color.

Don Wood

"In taking railroad pictures," he writes, "you must figure many angles, such as the direction of the sun and how it will fall on your subject, and the wind, which is important if you are shooting a steam engine in action. Many fellows lose shots when a tail wind blowing locomotive smoke blots out the sun and even the engine.

"You must also know your location. How fast will the train be moving? This is especially important when the light is poor and shutter-speed governs your aperture, with a direct effect on your lens-depth or field, particularly if you are using a press-type camera. The location must be considered also with regard to whether the hogger is working his engine or easing off. As a rule, it is not a good idea for a camera man to wait for a train on a down-grade."

Don is a Western Electric company photographer at Kearney, N. J., and on the staff of Rail Photo Service, 93 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass. He advises anyone going into railroad photography to take the RPS course, "one of the finest I have ever seen," he says. ●

PUNCH MARKS. In the days of diamond-stackers, railroad conductors began their long-standing custom of punching railroad tickets with their identification marks as a protection for both company and passengers. Through the years the system of punched tickets has been adopted by bus and steamship

companies, ferryboats, bridges, and even the old river showboats.

R. Hervey Angier of Los Angeles, a Southern Pacific hogger with 33 years of service, knows that every train conductor had a special punch design for marking tickets and he collects those designs.

So far he has upward of 1,000, gathered on his personal travels. But why such a hobby?

"Maybe it's because my father was a conductor on the Illinois Central out of Cherokee, Iowa," says Harvey. "Another reason is that I wanted a hobby in railroading that was different."

Theoretically, on American railroads, every passenger-train conductor has his own unique mark, with Southern Pacific, biggest transportation system in the West, having issued more than 1,000 in its eight-state territory.

"Conductors first used marks designed like hearts, spades and clubs. Then, with demand for more varied designs, came outlines of animals, birds and even parts of railway equipment," says Harvey

Among the designs in his collection are those of a palm tree, a canary, a pipe, the accusing finger of Judas, Star of Bethlehem, flowers, numerals, alphabet letters, and signs of the zodiac.

"By looking at a railroad ticket after the trip is over," he explains, "the company follows the journey, knowing the various conductors who handled the ticket along the way. If a passenger applies for a refund on his ticket, the company can tell how much is due according to the distance traveled—as shown by the punch marks. And if a ticket is punched in error, the company can spot the wrong mark and recognize that the passenger is due a refund for the portion of the trip not actually taken." ●

RAILROADIANA

ITEMS sent to this department are printed free, in good faith, but without guarantee. Write plainly. No entry longer than 28 words will be accepted —except those dealing with back numbers of this magazine. Address *Railroad Magazine*, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Use these abbreviations: *cond.*, condition; *ea.*, each; *elec.*, electricity; *env.*, envelope; *eqmt.*, equipment; *esp.*, especially; *info.*, information; *n.g.*, narrow-gage; *negs.*, negatives; *p.c.*, postcard; *pref.*, preferably; *tr.*, train; *rr.*, railroad.

The term *tts.*, refers to public timetables, unless preceded by *emp.*, when it means employe's (operating) timetables.

Anyone desiring railfan pen pals is entitled to a listing here. State what phases of railroading interest you most and from whom you want to hear.

SWITCH LIST

ROBERT ANDERSON, 715 Pabst, Ironwood, Mich., will sell 50 pix of C&NW, DM&IR, NP, GN, size 3x4½. List and 2 samples, 20c. Will buy C&NW steam negs.

JERRY ALEXANDER, 709 S. Market, Caldwell, Kan., offers 36 rr. mags: 2 poor cond., 14 fair, rest good. 200 tts., 25 emp. tts., 3000 ords from 15 diff. rds., 10 8x10 pix, for highest bid over $15 plus postage.

W. E. ALLEN, 108 Ball Park La., Hicksville, N.Y., will sell 21 jewel trainman's watch with chain, $45.

BRUCE BLACK, 1410 Gilbert Ave., Downers Grove, Ill., has over 2000 size 616 steam negs. for sale: CB&Q, FW&D, NP, GN, SP, UP, etc., from 20c to $2. No list; state wants.

Miss NATALIE BRODIE, 31-62 29th St., Astoria, N.Y., is interested in rr's, past and present; wants free booklets, pix, charts, etc.

H. BUCKLEY, Jr., Box 45, Silver Spring, Md., wants negs. of CB&Q, B&O, CRI&P, CN, WMd, steam or diesel. B&O fans, please write.

G. H. BURGER, 365 18th St., Fond du Lac, Wis., will sell 8 asstd. Soo Line steam loco pix, incl. memorials, older types, $1.25.

CHAS. BURNS, 211 W. Miami, Logansport, Ind., is circus-model builder, collects circusiana, incl. circus- train pix: will buy mags. with circus features; write first.

M. L. BYRON, Box 175, Dansville, N.Y., will pay $2 for good 8x10 Talgo train photo; write first.

LOUIS CHAMPEAU, Walnut Beach, Milford, Conn., wants Railroad Magazine issues before '53, also Conn. Co. trolley pix and negs. Write first.

DON DEGNER, 304 S. 94th St., Milwaukee, Wis., will buy Piedmont & Northern, Texas elec., Milw. elec., Pittsburgh & Butler St. Ry. pix or negs.

P. K. DONKOH, c/o Albert Acquah, Box 16, Biseasi, via Essiam, Gold Coast, Africa, wants to hear from North Amer. railfans.

DALE DORGELOH, Anamosa, Iowa, has rr. pix to trade for early emigrant guides and maps.

PAUL DOUGAN, Bakado St., Biseasi, via Essiam, Gold Coast, Africa, seeks railfan pen pals.

LUCIEN DUQUENNE, 36 Avenue Republique, Paris, France (railfan), wants U.S. and Mexican correspondents. He writes English.

EDDIE DYE, 333 Downs St., Ridgewood, N.J., asks were he can get pix of wooden passenger and frt. cars 1850 thru 1900.

PAUL EILENBERG, 8318 S. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill., will sell or trade loco bldrs. plates. Some loco cab fittings for sale.

NELSON FRIEBERG, 302 Eastwood Ave., Ithaca, N. Y., wants any pix EC&N branch LV. Write first.

TED GAY, 156 Van Buren Ave., Teaneck, N.J. will sell P.C. size negs., Western and Eastern rds., or trade for 8 mm. rail movies.

RAYMOND GEHL, 6412 Printz Court, St. Louis, Mo., will sell for best offer Model Bldr., Oct. '40 thru Nov. '44, other rr. mags., all good cond. List for 3c stamp.

ALAN HANSIS, 4440 South 35th St., Milwaukee, Wis., wants pix, negs., slides of Milwa. elec. lines, city and interurban. Also juicefan publications.

BOB HESS, Basking Ridge, N.J., wants Railroad Man's Magazine, '06 thru '18. Also NYC calendars before '32; PRR calendars for '25, '26.

Southern Pacific Lines

R. Harvey Angier, SP engineer, has an unusual hobby. He collects conductors' punch designs.

I. E. HINZE, 310 Park Ave., Beloit, Wis., will buy Soo-Liner mag. prior to April '54.

KIRK HISE, Temperance, Mich., has LS&MS, T&W, T&I, OPS waybills, financial reports, etc., also tr. ords., many rds. Sell or trade, for elec. items or pix.

FRANK HOFFMAN, 721 S. High St., West Chester, Pa., Apt. G-4, will sell Off. Guides '46 thru '50, $1 ea.; 1892 ABC Ry. Guide New England States, $7.50, all postpaid.

J. C. ILLMAN, 902 Logan St., Alton, Ill., will sell Off. Guides, Apr., Oct., '54, $1 ea.; Feb., Apr. '55, $1.25 ea. postpaid, or trade for emp. tts.

HOWARD JENKINS, Box 402, Chester, Pa., wants any items on North Penna. RR., now part of Reading.

LORAN JOHNSON, 243 Breckenridge La., Louisville, Ky., will sell unused pass tkts. on abandoned CF&SE and F&N, 50c ea., 3 for $1. Send stamped env. for description.

F. KELLY, 1217 Huntoon, Topeka, Kan., will trade size 616 negs., UP, ATSF, RI, MP cabooses, for caboose negs. of other rds.; also offers rr. lanterns and coach step-boxes for what-have-you.

RALPH KIENZLE, 4116 24th St., Milwaukee, Wis., will sell Railroad Magazine almost all issues '44 thru '56, 20c ea., 6 for $1, or lot of 123 for $20, all good cond.

DICK KIMBALL, 646 Roslyn Rd., Winston-Salem, N.C., buys old and new N&W emp. and pub. tts., pix, rosters, rulebooks, etc.

DICK KISTLER, Box 547, Suberior, Neb., will sell some back issues of Railroad Magazine, Trains, Model Railroader, also tts., all good cond. Has new list of Burl. pix.

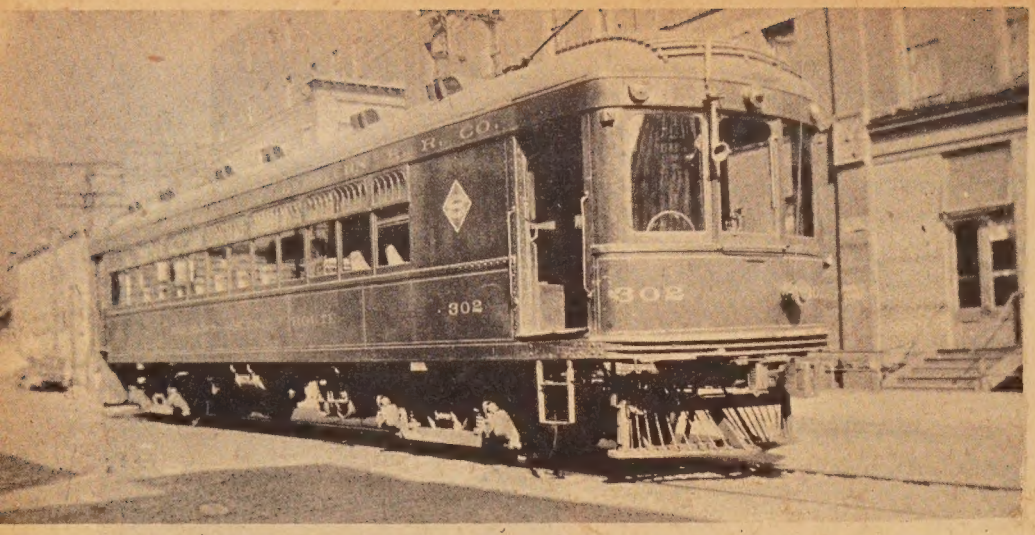
GORDON KLINE, 249 Goffle Rd., Ridgewood, N.J., buys and sells steam pix. Send for list.

JOHN KRISKEY, 179 N. Water St., Byram, Conn., will trade 3rd Ave. El spikes for spikes of other rds.

GLEN KRUSCHKE, Box 501 Largo, Fla., will sell sizes 120 and 116 diesel negs. No list. Wants to hear from anyone to whom he owes cash or negs.

JOE LEO, R. 2, Cuba, N.Y., wants pix, negs., Koadchrome slides of NYC&W, NYC, LV steam. Will trade Kodachrome slides NYC, B&O, PRR, NKP, Milw. for same.

ELVIN LIQUE, 917 N. 3rd Ave., Wausau, Wis., will buy 8 mm. color movies of B&O, C&O, UP Mallets, UP gas-turbine locos. Also emp. tts., Santa Fe and Milw. rd.



From memory's album: E. J. Quinby made this shot of Jamestown, Westfield & Northwestern No. 302, a black car with gold lettering. (See page 60.)

G. E. LLOYD, 1124 Community Dr., La Grange Park, Ill., will sell or trade 35 mm color slides steam and elec., also size 616 negs. of Gary Ry., etc.

MORRIS LLOYD, 226 Hendricks Blvd., Buffalo, N.Y., will sell old copies Railroad Magazine, Ry. Review, misc. rr. literature, securities, stationery, for best offer. List for 3c stamp.

JOE LOPEUSZ, 39 Maltby Ave., New Haven, Conn., will correspond with former employes of any elec. interurban, running or abandoned. Answers all mail.

KENT LOUDON, Holland Ave., Peapack, N.J., will buy or trade MU pix for DL&W steam power, esp. Gladstone Branch before elec. Wants loco 1120.

R. R. MAGUIRE, 269 Albion St., Wakefield, Mass., will sell B&M emp. tts., good cond. complete except for: '44, '49, '50, '51, '52, '54, '55, '56, $2.

JOHN MARQUIS, 405 Butler Bryan, O., wants negs. on Sandy River Line and C&O Hocking Valley Div.

MALCOLM McCARTER, 1705 N. Country Club, Tucson, Ariz., sells 5x7 steam pix on approval: Wabash, NYC, NKP, C&O, etc., 30c ea. Also juice lines. List, 3c stamp.

D. W. McLAUGHLIN, 3925 Briggs Ave., Erie, Pa., will buy or pay to borrow R&LHS Bulletin 37. Has many issues of Railroad Magazine, Trains, Lucius Beebe books to trade for Off. Guides.

BOB McVAY, 1044 W. 25th St., Merced, Calif., is selling entire collection, amassed in 20 yrs.: Railroad Magazine '30 thru '50, other mags., steam and elec. pub. and emp. tts., Kodachromes, slides, train ords., etc. List, 3c stamp.

ALAN MILLER, 1836 Gardena Ave., Glendale, Calif., will buy, sell, or trade steam and diesel loco bldr. plates. Sells color slides, SP, UP, ATS&F.

B. S. MOLNAR, 89-22 75th Ave., Glendale, N.Y., has trolley, negs., pix, and other elec. ry. material for sale or trade.

NEIL NORKAITIS, 318 W. Clinton St., Haledon, N.J., sells PRR and other Eastern rds. steam pix. List and sample, 10c.

KOFI NYAAKOH, c/o Kofi Abakah, Bakado St., Biseasi, via Essiam, Gold Coast, Africa, wants rail fan pen pals.

A. PETERSON, 907 W. Custer St., Pocatello, Idaho, wants OSL and Utah & NW pix and data.

GAYLORD PLUMMER, 321 E. 4th St., Ottawa, Kan., has pub. tts. and emp. tts. and tr. ords for sale or trade; size 116 pix of Santa Fe, MP, RI. Send for free list; specify which.

M. L. POWELL, 821 W. Brons Ave., Peoria, Ill., wants Kodachrome slides of early UP streamliners; orig. eqmt. on IC Green Diamond, City of Miami, Miss Lou, Land O' Corn, GM&O Rebels.

TEX PRUSIA, 216 Jennings, Wood River, Ill., will sell good pc. or size 616 negs., steam locos, various rds., also good 35 mm. color slides. Write for info.

HARRY QUICK, 9 Eastman St., Cranford, N.J., asks where he can buy door knocker shaped like steam loco.

SY REICH, 92 St. Marks Pl., New York, N.Y. sells pix and negs. of trolleys, also elec., steam, and diesel locos, on approval. Specify wants.

NORMAN REINHARDT, 896 Main Ave., Passaic, N.J., wants negs. of MP, KCS, SP, St. LSW, diesels or steam, in trade for same of Erie, CNJ, NY, SW, DL&W, B&O, Rdg., LV.

BOB RUMER, 630 W. Cherv Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., will sell Railroad Magazine '35 to date, good cond., Trains '43 to date. Also rr. books, mags., good cond.

W. K. SHARPE, Box 2093, E. S. Navpgscol, Monterey, Calif., wants Railroad Magazine prior to '46, Trains '41 thru '45, good cond., with covers.

CLARENCE SHAW, Box 4151, Capitol Station, Baton, Rough, La., will sell complete file Railroad Magazine, Dec. '29 thru Dec. '53.

RAY SHETLER, 297 Penn, Pasadena, Calif., will sell 21 misc. rr. pix, $1; 10 misc. rr. negs., $1; back issues of Trains.

JOHN SMITH, 6516 N. Noroica, Chicago, Ill., will sell for best offer 250 negs., size 120, mostly steam, some English, fair to good cond. No trades.

R. H. STEINMETZ, 1710 Walnut St., Camp Hill, Pa., will sell off. state rr. maps, 1890 to 1910, $3 ea., 2 for $5, in orig. leather wallets.

JAMES STEVENS, Western State Hospital, Tenn., will trade back issues Field & Stream, Outdoor Life, for Railroad Magazine, Trains, good cond.

BOB STORTZ, R. 2. Box 55, Waterford, Wis., will sell Railroad Magazine '38 thru '47 complete, good cond., $27.50. Also 108 misc. copies for '30 thru '55, all good cond., $20 for lot. List on request.

DICK TESCH, 6853 Northwest Hy., Chicago, Ill., will trade trolley pix, foreign trains and rr's., also buys size 616 negs. of old trolley-buses.

HUGH TOLFORD, 14226 Runnymede, Van Nuys, Calif., wants material, pix Nevada short lines, Incl. Tar, C&C, B&B. Will sell old PE brass lantern, good cond.

H. K. VOLLRATH, 2524 Meriwether Rd., Shreveport, La., has Railroad Magazine '46 thru '50, emp. tts. all major rds., many short lines. Free list; state wants.

D. F. WALKER, 2811 Cole Ave., Dallas, Tex., will sell size 116 pix, assrt, $1. Specify steam or juice. No list.

R. R. WALLIN, Hawbrook Ave., Kirkwood, Mo., will sell over 1500 steam pix, East, South, West, Canada, 100 loco rosters. List and sample 10c. Trades negs. of same rd.

STAN WARN, 2908 Manning Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., will buy, sell or trade 35 mm. rr. color slides. List free.

E. WHITE, R.R. 4, Box 2341, Victoria, B.C. Canada, will buy or trade for 5x7 pix of C&O loco 1617, CB&W 403, Milw. 903 and 204, NYC 1572.

JOHN WEIGHTMAN, Box 696, Sacramento, Calif. will make good copy neg., size 124, from any s rr. pic., $1.

ARTHUR WEILAND, 7473 Colombia Rd., Olmstead Falls, O., will sell for best offer Railroad Magazine '31 to date, good cond., full covers.

WALTER WEILAND, 15016 Schuyler Ave., Cleveland, O., will sell for best offer over $75, a copy of Poor's "Denver South Park & Pacific"; orig. dust jacket.

JOHN WOOD, 7242 Fisher Rd., Dallas, Texas will buy, trade or sell railroadiana, has complete Railroad Magazine '34 to date; will sell 1874 O Guide.

G. L. WRIGLEY, 30 Cleckheaton Rd., Odsal Bradford, England, trades tts. and pix, of N. Amer streetcars, interurbans, elec. rds., past and present

MODEL TRADING POST

GORDON BENNETT, 900 E. 11th St., Oakland Calif., will buy live steam loco, any conc about 12-in. gage.

M. FRANKEL, Box 115 Roselawn, Ind., will se 2340 GGI and other loco, cars, new cond.

RAY GOUGH, 266 Clinton Ave., Jersey Cit N.J., will sell St.-gage Lionel loco and tender 384 cattle car, gon., caboose, 8 stra. and 8 curve track pr switches. cond. not too good; all for $25.

FRANK HOFFMAN, 721 S. High St., West Che ter, Pa., will sell cheap O gage scale frt. cars an nearly compl. '48 interurban frt. car with DC moto

H. L. HUNSBERGER, 382 Kline Ave., Pottstow Pa., will sell or trade Mantua 4-wh. caboose, Mantua streamline coaches, baggage coach, Eng lish yard bird. (Editor asks, What is an Englis yard bird?)

FRANK KARN, 3658 Louisiana Ave., St. Louis, Mo will trade new Lionel Santa Fe AB diesel for HC new AF diesel and car set.

J. MURRY, 33R Winthrop St., Rehoboth, Mass will sell compl. amusement-park-size steam trai and track. Pix, details $1 (refundable).

K. E. PARKER, 148 Lavender Ave., Coventry England, will trade O, HO, and TT detailed bldgs built from article in U.S. model mag. for new o used HO equip. List of over 80 structures sent o request.

O. A. PARRIS, 1019 13th St., Bremerton, Wash will buy Scalecraft 00 gage 4-6-2 built UP kit o parts. Also any 00 gage cast bronze, assembled wit boiler front, cab, cylinder block, tender, etc.

CARL ROBINSON, 7303 Hermitage St., Pittsburgh Pa., will sell or trade entire collection of cats from early 1900's, mags., St.-gage locos. Want trolleys or Ives locos 3245, 3243.

CALVIN STRAIT, RFD 1, Center Point, Iowa, will sell castings for 12, 13 and 14 in. loco dr. wheels make offer. All letters answered.

STEAM POWER

INFORMATION about places in North America where steam locomotives may still be seen and perhaps photographed continue to dribble into our office. Material for the following list was supplied by Mr. Gordon, Burton Mall, Dick Kimball, and Harold Lewis, Jr. Previous lists have appeared in every issue of this magazine since Jan. '55. We cannot, of course, guarantee their accuracy.

AT&SF at Los Angeles—four 4-8-4's (3700 class) and one 4-6-2 (1010 class).

CB&Q at Clyde, Ill.—all 4-8-4's 05's: 5616, 5617 5618, 5621, 5628, 5633, and 5634.

CB&Q at Galesburg, Ill.—2-10-4 M4a: 6310, 6311, 6315, 6316, 6319, 632, and 6323, and 4-6-4 S4: 4000, 3001, 3003, 3006, 3007, and 3010.

CB&Q, Beardstown, Ill.—2-10-4 M4; 6325, 6314, and others; 2-8-2 Ia: 4949, and others.

Northern Pacific at Seattle, Wash., roundhouse—4-6-2: 2261; 4-8-4: 2604 and 2600. The first 4-8-4 built in the U.S. was towed to Tacoma to be scrapped.

Union Pacific at Los Angeles—has one 0-6-0 (4239) two 4-4-0's (former V&T 18 and 19).

Mr. Gordon says that, contrary to a statement in our June issue, the Union Pacific does not have any 5-7-4's.

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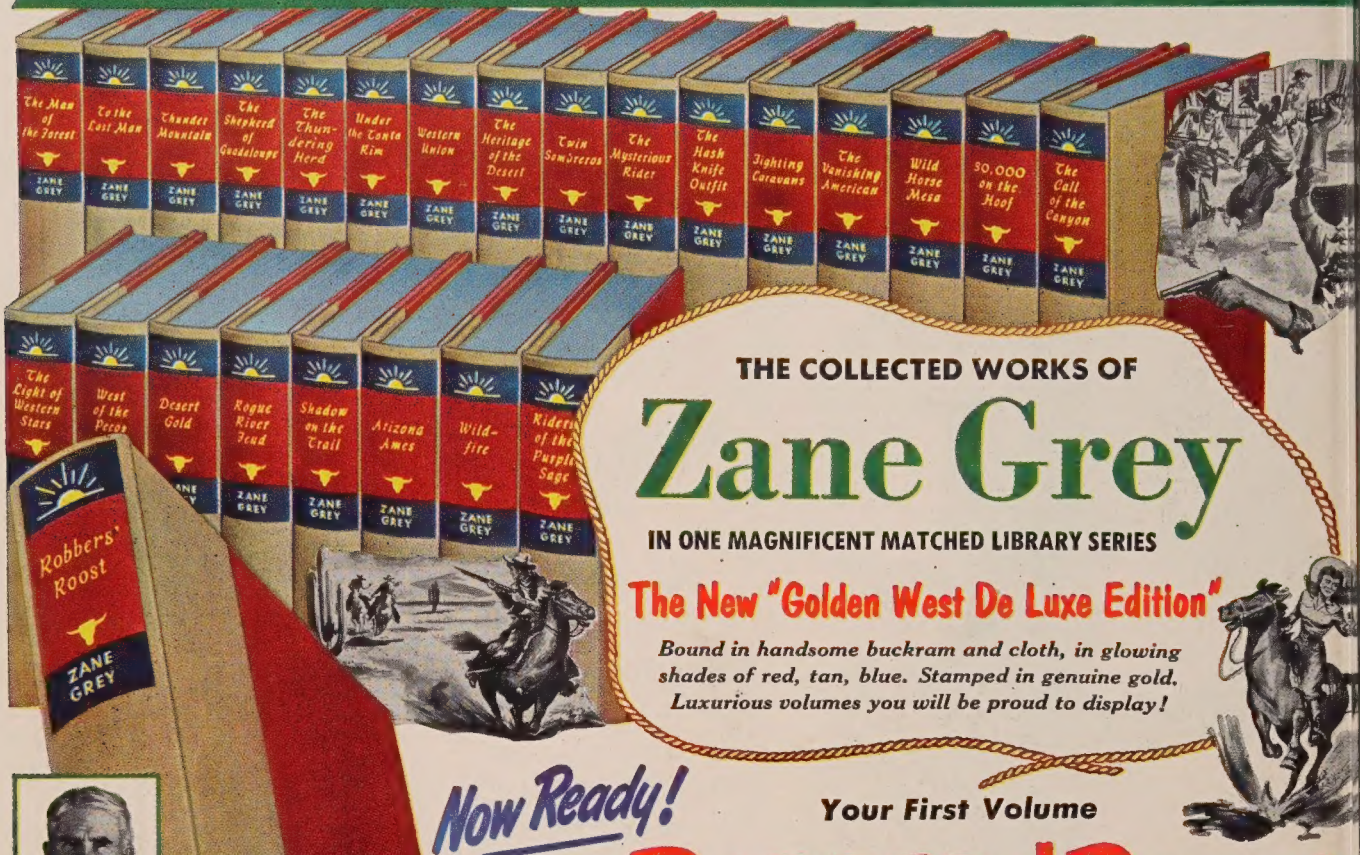

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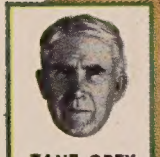

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